

THE PUREST NEOCON ■ PEACE COALITION ■ GONZALES? NO THANKS

OCTOBER 10, 2005

The American Conservative



AFTER THE STORM

What Katrina Covered—and Revealed

Fact: NAFTA, CAFTA, and Other "Free Trade" Arrangements Like W.T.O. Are Destroying America

- They have caused our manufacturing to rapidly decline
- They have caused our import dependence to spiral out of control
- They have caused our debts to reach records levels:
 - 2004: \$413 Billion internal Budget Deficit
 - 2004: \$617 Billion Balance of Trade Deficit
- They have led to foreign control of whole industries (e.g. 69% of the movie industry, 81% cement, virtually 100% of TV manufacturing, and our auto industry is relentlessly sliding into foreign hands)
- No one is addressing these issues but they are impacting your security and standard of living...

What if one US state was in such needs of jobs that it was allowed to:

- Set \$0.50/hour minimum wage
- Disregard child labor laws
- Expand the work week to 6 days
- Reduce protection for health, safety, retirement, environment

Then companies in this state would still sell to all other states without restriction, producing at a fraction of the cost of other states yet selling and competing with below-market costs.

You and the other 49 states would think this was absolutely ridiculous!

But this is exactly what is happening with **NAFTA** and now with **CAFTA** (Central American Free Trade Agreement)... Not with a US state, but with Mexico and Central America.

Eliminating tariffs through "free trade" means companies have NO CHOICE but to locate their production facilities at the lowest cost labor source. Otherwise, they will go out of business fighting those who do.

NAFTA IN 1994 AND TODAY

NAFTA started in 1994 when the minimum wage in Mexico was **\$0.50 per hour** in US dollars. Today, the US Department of Labor reports the wages remain the **same or lower**. United States-based producers simply cannot compete against those wages!

In 1994, Mexican average hourly wages for manufacturing were **higher only than Sri Lanka** according to US Bureau of Labor Statistics, and were **1/7th** the rate of American workers. Today, these wages are even more depressed, now **1/9th** the rate of America and **Mexico is now the lowest wage manufacturing country** tracked by US Bureau of Labor Statistics (from latest figures, dating from 2003).

"FREE TRADE" AND NAFTA: A PROVEN DISASTER

- US-Mexico trade deficit now one of the 5 largest for the US
- US manufacturing has lost 4 Million jobs in the past 10 years
- Many US trading partners have relocated facilities to Mexico to bypass other trade agreements
- Mexican wages as low as before NAFTA
- Mexican wealth and power still controlled by 100 corporations
- CAFTA has just been signed into law with a near identical agreement

"FREE TRADE" DESTROYS AMERICA

Free trade takes American industry and forces it overseas or allows countries to use cheap labor or underhanded subsidies to sell to America for less than it costs to produce in America.

US industries are vanishing, replaced with foreign suppliers. To buy foreign goods, we are **selling assets** (\$1.3 Trillion of US land, industries, and technology sold to foreign buyers in past 10 years) or **borrowing** (99% of Federal Deficit loaned by foreign countries in 2004).

"Free trade" eliminates tariffs, one of the few proven weapons to protect against cut-wage competition, currency manipulation, foreign government subsidies, unfair technology transfer requirements and theft, and other practices used to destroy our industry and subjugate our economy.

We have no plan for economic or industrial security to protect US assets from foreign acquisition and predatory competition.

"FREE TRADE" IS A SHAM

Despite professed free trade acceptance, Japan is a notoriously protectionist market. Yet the US Bureau of Labor Statistics says Japan has wages higher than the US, plus, they had a \$181 Billion surplus with the rest of the world in 2004 while the US lost

\$665 Billion! Because of Japan's closed market and US open free trade policies, Japan has had dramatic standard of living increases while acquiring vast amounts of assets from the US and the rest of the world! (e.g. Japan has \$1 Trillion of US Dollar reserves). Free trade has increased US debt and reduced US living standard.

AMERICA IS OUT OF CONTROL

No one is addressing this. Everyone will soon feel the discomfort of loss of jobs and opportunity, lower standards of living, devalued currency, higher living costs, and security implications resulting from selling our critical assets and resources and dependence on foreign suppliers and lack of industry.

How is America a superpower if we rely on others to produce our goods in exchange for our core assets?

UNDERSTAND THE FACTS

Understand how your career is dependent on foreign money or corporations, how money you spend on imports returns to buy us out, and how politicians are governed by "free trade" special interest money.

MAKE OTHERS AWARE

Learn as much as you can at www.EconomyInCrisis.org and other sources. Send this article and others like it to people you know, to editors, and to elected representatives.

We must stop forcing US companies to outsource, relocate, or buy from foreign suppliers. It must be profitable to produce in the US! Now a majority of many goods we consume are made by foreign corporations or by foreign owned US corporations!

Log onto:

**www.EconomyInCrisis.org
for your Congressperson's address**

Send this to your friends, as a letter to your local newspaper editor, and to your Congressperson.

ECONOMY IN CRISIS
CREATING AWARENESS OF OUR TRUE ECONOMIC CONDITION



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[CULTURE]

Fire and Rain

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[JUSTICE]

WILLIAM REHNQUIST (1924-2005)

The career of Chief Justice William Rehnquist, who died on Sept. 3, shows how far conservatives have come in rolling back the excesses of 20th-century liberal jurisprudence. It also shows how far we have to go.

So often was Rehnquist alone in dissent after being appointed by President Nixon in 1971, wags dubbed him the "lone ranger." His Republican colleagues ranged from tepidly moderate (Lewis Powell) to liberal enough to have been comfortable on the Warren Court (Harry Blackmun). Byron White joined him in dissent in *Roe v. Wade*, the apex of judicial activism that today remains the Holy Grail of special-interest liberalism, but all Rehnquist's fellow Republican nominees sided against him.

Within 15 years, Rehnquist would be tapped by President Reagan to lead the court. The originalism that once seemed so marginal was ascendant, to the point that court-watchers could speak seriously of a judicial counterrevolution. Rehnquist proved capable of cobbling together narrow but consistent conservative majorities on a wide range of issues.

The Rehnquist Court protected state prerogatives against federal encroachment, most notably in *United States v. Lopez* (1995). Congress had cited the Interstate Commerce Clause as its constitutional authority for keeping guns off local school grounds. Rehnquist noted in his majority opinion that the possession of guns near school districts "has nothing to do with 'commerce' or any sort of economic enterprise, however broadly one might define those terms." In defiance of post-New Deal constitutional norms, the chief justice argued that interstate commerce should both be "interstate" and involve "commerce."

Rehnquist also chipped away at precedents reading religious expression



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out of the public square, arguing that it was "impossible to build sound constitutional doctrine upon a mistaken understanding of constitutional history" with regard to the Establishment Clause.

Yet Rehnquist did not always carry the day. The court's church-state rulings remain inconsistent and confused. In 1992, the court reaffirmed the essence of *Roe* and in 2000 broadened it to include a right to partial-birth abortion. After *Lopez*, the justices did not consistently defend federalism. Conservatives often quipped that Rehnquist really presided over the "O'Connor Court." His death leaves us with only two originalist justices.

Rehnquist's 33 years of service bequeath a legacy of conservative jurisprudence that respects but does not fetishize precedent and recommends a model for his replacement—one President Bush would do well to observe.

[ECONOMICS]

JUDE WANNISKI (1936-2005)

Jude Wanniski was one of the most interesting and original thinkers of the supply-side revolution and one of the pallbearers of Keynesian economics. He coined the term "supply-side economics" in 1976 as an editor of the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page. Wanniski went on to serve as adviser to President Reagan from 1978 to 1981 and helped design the tax cuts that propelled the U.S. economy out of stagflation and into the boom that followed.

His seminal volume *The Way The World Works* was named one of the 100 most influential books of the 20th century by the editors of *National Review*. It reformed a whole generation's thinking about the Third World. Until Wanniski, no one wrote about marginal tax rates in places like Bangladesh, where the rate was 60 percent on income over \$3,000 per year. Billions of foreign-aid dollars were squandered by Washington while no one focused upon the brutal tax rates that confiscated capital and drove business into the underground economy. No one until Wanniski explained that South Vietnam had a marginal rate of 70 percent on \$5,000 income when it fell, a major reason its economy was in shambles.

He researched how these rates came about: high rates were set by European colonial authorities to keep local industries from becoming too competitive with their home industries. Local socialists then obligingly continued with high tax rates once they gained independence.

Wanniski broke through this destructiveness. His book inaugurated a sea change in Third World nations, which began cutting tax rates to allow economic growth and prosperity. Latin American nations consequently cut marginal rates to an average 30 percent, while Asian nations took off with really low rates.

His other great contribution was studying the stock market of 1929. Wanniski discovered that the crash started the day

after news broke that the coalition to block Smoot-Hawley had fallen apart. Until his work, economists had not seen the connection because Smoot-Hawley was passed after the crash started.

I count it a privilege to have known Jude and to have corresponded with him often, as he was also a strong opponent of the war on Iraq. Those who would like to share other remembrances and express condolences can e-mail webmaster@polyconomics.com.

—Jon Basil Utley

[FREEDOM]

PAPERS, PLEASE

Freedom is free—but you go to jail if you haven't registered in advance, according to the rules of the "America Supports You Freedom Walk" organized by the Defense Department on Sept. 11. Thousands of Americans ambled to the Mall in a show of solidarity with our troops before enjoying a concert by Clint Black. Peripatetic patriots even received free t-shirts—provided they presented valid authorization numbers when picking up their credentials.

Fences four feet high discouraged walk-ons from walking, with the threat of arrest for those who failed to take the hint. "We have those fences to keep the public out," D.C. Park Police Chief Dwight Pettiford told the *Washington Post*. Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Allison Barber said it was important to keep the route "sterile." And so it was—the pep rally went off without a hitch, sterile indeed, with not a germ of freedom to contaminate the occasion.

[POLITICS]

OLD TORIES, NEW BRITAIN

A leading conservative officeholder has stepped forward to criticize the Iraq War. Unfortunately, he's British. Kenneth Clarke launched his bid to lead the Conservative Party with a blistering attack on what rank-and-file Tories regard as Blair's war: "The disastrous decision to invade

Iraq has made Britain a more dangerous place," he said. "[T]he Prime Minister ... must be the only person left who thinks that the recent bombs in London had no connection at all with his policy in Iraq."

Clarke is a supporter of the euro, which puts him at variance with his party. But he's also widely seen as the candidate most likely to lead the Tories back to power. And at least an antiwar Conservative Party would give Britons an alternative to the welfare-warfare socialism of New Labour. That would be a fine thing for America, which sorely needs an ally who can tell the president when he's wrong—and it would be a better thing still if America had a conservative leader as bold as Clarke.

[BUREAUCRACY]

LEVIATHAN ♥ CRISIS

The last time disaster struck, we were told that more centralization was the answer. After 9/11, members of both parties insisted that agencies weren't cooperating, information wasn't being shared, and there was too much duplication. Enter the Department of Homeland Security (DHS), intended to bring all the relevant agencies under a single chain of command.

The federal response to Hurricane Katrina has already raised questions about this model. Congressman Mark Foley (R-Fla.) introduced legislation to return the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) to its pre-9/11 independence from DHS. Foley said his bill "is the result of the increasing evidence that FEMA should not be hindered by a top-heavy bureaucracy when needed to act swiftly to save lives."

So is DHS "top-heavy bureaucracy" or a wise attempt at streamlining homeland-security functions? We await further word from Washington on this—and about whether they plan to create new departments and then take them apart after every tragedy. ■

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Can This Be Conservatism?

First, the good news. The country approves of John Roberts. After that, it was the vacation from hell for George W. Bush. Every road trip out of Crawford for a

fundraiser or church forced him to drive by Camp Casey and Cindy Sheehan. At summer's end came the most devastating hurricane since Andrew helped make Poppy a one-termer.

The day the 17th Street levee busted and New Orleans was flooded, Bush was fiddling with a guitar given him by country-music singer Mark Wills. The next morning, he did a flyover of the Gulf Coast. Not until five days after Katrina came to visit did the 82nd Airborne occupy a city whose police could not cope with its roving gangs of shooters, looters, and rapists.

With commentators and civil-rights leaders castigating Bush for cold indifference to New Orleans's black poor, two out of three African-Americans believe the charge. White America rejects it three to one. And just whose fault is it that, 40 years after the civil-rights revolution and the launch of the Great Society, 40 percent of New Orleans's black population is poor and 80 percent of black children are born to single women?

Over two generations, \$6 trillion has been sunk in the War on Poverty. What have we accomplished? The black community in our cities has suffered a societal collapse, but we have provisioned a permanent army of poverty workers who can be relied upon to mimic Jesse Jackson and slander the president and white America for their lack of compassion.

Already, \$62 billion has been voted by Congress to rebuild the Gulf Coast. For southern scalawags and northern

carpetbaggers, it is going to be Mardi Gras every night in the French Quarter.

But Bush's troubles only begin on the Gulf. In the latest ABC-*Washington Post* poll, 54 percent think he mishandled Katrina, 57 percent disapprove of his job performance, 62 percent believe he is failing in Iraq, and 72 percent think he is doing a lousy job holding down gas prices.

"The Bush Era is over," chortles E.J. Dionne. He may be right. But if Bush's end of the dinghy sinks, America's is probably not going to stay afloat, for Bush, the Lord willing and the water don't rise again, is going to be our president until 2009.

It is hard to see the sun breaking through anywhere.

Afghanistan is becoming a narco-democracy, U.S. casualties have begun creeping up, the old players—Iran, Russia, Pakistan—are putting down bets on their indigenous cronies and awaiting the day the easily distracted Americans tire of the nation-building and go home.

Bush says we will stay in Iraq until we complete our mission: to create a democratic government of a united Iraq that is capable of coping with an insurgency our best and bravest have been unable to defeat. But even before Katrina, most Americans believed it was time to start pulling out.

The fear that inhibits many who opposed this war is that, if we pull out too rapidly, the regime could collapse and a civil war ensue, with Shi'ites supported by Iran moving toward independ-

ence, Kurds doing the same, and Baghdad and the Sunni Triangle sinking into anarchy. Turkey will not tolerate a Kurdistan, and Sunni Arabs are likely to aid their co-religionists in a Sunni-Shia war. Any such civil war could make us pine for the days of \$70-a-barrel oil.

As for a U.S. attack on Iran to smash its nuclear facilities, the neocon fantasy, the response would likely be an Iranian oil embargo and use of Iranian irregulars and Shias to blow up Iraqi and Saudi pipelines, leading to global depression. Then we could all get used to mass transit. With Katrina spending projected at \$100 billion, the deficit will soon be back over \$400 billion, as we yet await the first Bush veto. The trade deficit should be coming in at around \$800 billion.

As for the Bush agenda, ending death taxes appears itself dead and Social Security reform appears off the table. The Bush amnesty for illegal aliens would dynamite the GOP coalition, though that will be redundant if he heeds the siren song of the media establishment—"Be a uniter, not a divider"—and names a centrist to replace Sandra Day O'Connor.

But if the news from Iraq and Afghanistan is bleak, and the deficits are rising, and America is dividing anew over race and war, as in the '60s, and Bush has lost the confidence of the country, what does our brain-dead Democratic Party offer? Snarling nastiness as it hopes to exploit crises, domestic and foreign, without having to offer or defend an idea of its own.

The Weekly Standard, celebrating its 10th birthday, has long trumpeted something called "National Greatness" conservatism. If this is it, "Give me that old time religion, it's good enough for me." ■

[storm warnings]

Fire and Rain

Katrina washed up the urban dreams of conservatives and liberals alike.

By Kara Hopkins

WITH NATURE'S FURY spent over New Orleans, the state of nature moved in. Mayhem reigned and law receded as roving gangs pulled drivers from their cars, stripped stores even of their fixtures, and traded shots with stolen weapons. Random fires lit the night, while holdouts hunkered down in their gutted homes, fearful that any sign of life would draw the riot to their doors. They could expect no aid because the cops had ceded the streets: in one day, 12 chose to turn in their badges rather than face down the mob.

At the Superdome, where some 30,000 fled to escape the floodwaters, one National Guardsman reported 53 deaths in two days—mostly murders. Fights left the losers bleeding in fetid corridors littered with crack vials. At the nearby Convention Center, a seven-year-old boy was found raped and killed, his body stuffed in a freezer. Told of the assaults, Police Chief Eddie Compass sent in a squad of 88 officers—only to have them retreat from the crush of the crowd.

Wyatt Earp has since returned to town. The buses departed, the Superdome drained, there is little left to steal. The Crescent City will be long recovering—if ever. But the torrent took more than centuries of history and so many lives. It washed away a social gloss, revealing rot beneath.

Political profiteers were quick to name it and claim it. Jesse Jackson said, "Today I saw 5,000 African-Americans

desperate, perishing, dehydrated, babies dying. It looked like Africans in the hull of a slave ship." "Is this what the pioneers of the civil rights movement fought to achieve, a society where many black people are as trapped and isolated by their poverty as they were by segregation laws?" asked Fordham professor Mark Naison. Commentator Randall Robinson went further: "New Orleans marks the end of the America I strove for. I am angry against my country for doing nothing when it mattered."

The images of frantic black faces, packed in close body contact, will endure longer in the American memory than footage of Biloxi's leveled casinos. We have wanted to believe the platitudes about the best of all worlds swirling together to create, if not quite an identity, something exotic and equalizing. But as this great American city descended into the Third World, diversity couldn't keep its promises.

During the first 24 hours of coverage, most reporters avoided mentioning the refugees' obvious common denominator, perhaps for fear of making a career-ending generalization. But as the days dragged on and Fox couldn't continue to run the same loop of a lone Hispanic looter and single white lawbreaker, observers were forced to note the racial angle, which has since grown to be as significant a story as the natural destruction.

Sixty-seven percent of New Orleans's population is black. Twenty-eight per-

cent live below the poverty line and account for 88 percent of the city's unemployment. Many were waiting for government checks due Sept. 1—four days after the storm struck. They didn't have cars to leave in, cash to pay for an impromptu vacation, or insurance to cover property they weren't home to protect. But neither did they have a sense that their survival depended on their own initiative—something for which white America might feel more guilty than fleeing the scene in their SUVs.

Decrying the sluggish relief effort, Pastor I.V. Hilliard thundered from the pulpit of his Houston megachurch, "I can't help but think that race has something to do with it"—a sentiment still playing out wherever the Congressional Black Caucus finds a camera.

Katrina lent new context, but the message is familiar: someone should have done something more for victimized black America. One warehouse wall on the lower edge of town read, "Them bitches flood us. F— Bush."

Refugees enraged that their rescue didn't come more swiftly and looters robbing the city's grave shared a common sense of entitlement. "To be honest with you," New Orleans resident Mike Franklin told the Associated Press as he watched the looters, "people who are oppressed all their lives, man, it's an opportunity to get back at society."

A decent society should be able to evacuate its weakest from a disaster

zone, and Louisiana showcased the mismanagement only patronage politics buys. But it's not unreasonable to expect that, once sheltered, survivors would designate a latrine rather than smearing feces on the walls. And no historical grievance means the self-designated victims are owed a free flatscreen TV.

The makeshift communities at the Superdome and Convention Center seemed to lack any civilizational impulse, firing even on the helicopters sent to save them. Far from rallying to maintain order, they contributed to the chaos or stood numb awaiting aid. Liberals will say that instinct was cheated from them—no plantation boss wants the field hands to organize. More likely, the dividends of victimhood provide an unfortunate incentive to segregate from the social order. In return for maintaining underclass status, minorities—or, in New Orleans's case, the majority—can impose a satisfying sense of failure on the national conscience and reap boundless programs in return.

Millions of Americans succeed by following the same timeworn path: slug through school, take a job that pays the bills, buy a ring, raise good kids. However quietly desperate, they pose no threat to the social order. They are the order. Not so in urban centers across the country where school is a place to steal sneakers, thugs do business out of car trunks, and teen mothers marry the welfare office.

For decades we've sought to narrow the margins with programs aimed at overcoming poverty and raising esteem, thinking success would be pleasant if improbable, while not fearing an immediate return to riots of the late '60s. But Katrina exposed the thinness of that veneer between civilization and barbarism.

Crisis can elevate the human spirit, turning ordinary men into heroes. Alongside the apocalyptic images came pictures of boat-owners plucking survivors

from rooftops and neighbors offering precious water to elderly refugees. But relief workers weren't the vanguard in this rescue effort—armed soldiers with shoot-to-kill orders came first.

As the streets of New Orleans split open, the impulse of those with no ownership in the social project was not to fortify community life. Law—far less about doing justice than keeping order—is of little relevance to those who already consider themselves outside. And lawlessness runs closer to the surface of New Orleans than many other major cities. There were 53.1 murders per 100,000 residents in 2002, compared to 7.3 in New York City. One in three black male residents has served time. Robbery reports are over three times the national average. And South American drug runners have long considered the Big Easy a friendly port. Last year, as an experiment, researchers asked police to

Long before the storm struck, liberals—and conservatives sampling urban outreach—sent a generously funded message to the black community: years of oppression had left them too incapacitated to care for themselves. Because they can't be expected to play by society's rules, government would fund their housing and feed their children, but to keep the spigot open, they would need to remain alternatively listless and enraged. The thousands crowding the Convention Center brought that history with them. The mayor himself—who retreated to Baton Rouge at first opportunity—whined over the airwaves about the absence of federal aid instead of wondering whether he might have some responsibility to clear bloated bodies from his city's streets.

If there is some stunted course whereby those never weaned from state assistance remain infants who can't

AS THE STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS SPLIT OPEN, THE IMPULSE OF THOSE WITH NO OWNERSHIP IN THE SOCIAL PROJECT WAS NOT TO FORTIFY COMMUNITY LIFE.

fire 700 blank rounds into a local neighborhood. No one called to report the shots: the street writes its own law, and like so much other filth, Katrina swept that current into public view.

Not all who cleared store shelves held the law in equal contempt. New Orleans's bottled-water burglars—excused certainly by ethics and likely by law since saving life is a moral trump—gain ready pardon: one doubts that on any other Tuesday they would have held up Winn Dixie. Indeed, allowing the defensible trespass—the parent taking medicine or the starving man stealing food—pledges no allegiance to anarchy. Benevolence toward the weak affirms civilization rather than undermining it. But the looters smashing windows for sport foreshadow a grim future.

summon a way to remove themselves from a red zone, more fearsome are those who move into an extended adolescence, rebelling against all social constraint. That was the regression on display—and a dread prospect for a country with a growing population of outstretched hands.

Yet we will likely respond as we ought not. A naturally charitable nation will be tempted to read Katrina's aftermath as a telegraph to spend more to rescue not New Orleans—which will receive near limitless aid—but American blacks for whom the refugees became emblematic. We may even excuse those who pillaged the drowning city: deprivation breeds a justified drive to hoard.

It is a kind sort of disdain—and cruel. After the riots that overtook New York

City during the power failure of 1977, Midge Decter wrote in *Commentary*, “However hurtful and humiliating it must have been for a grown man to suffer being called ‘boy,’ surely nothing can suck the marrow from the bones faster or more thoroughly than calling a bad boy blameless.”

Rather than signing blank checks, the endgame should contend with a hard truth: white looters didn’t vandalize their neighbors’ homes or empty suburban shopping malls. Writing in his *New York Times* column, Nicholas Kristoff observed, “I covered the 1995 earthquake that leveled much of Kobe, Japan, killing 5,500, and for days I searched there for any sign of criminal behavior. Finally I found a resident who had seen three men steal food. I asked him whether he was embarrassed that Japanese would engage in such thuggery. ‘No, you misunderstand,’ he said firmly. ‘These looters weren’t Japanese. They were foreigners.’” Kristoff comes to the predictable liberal conclusion that New Orleans’s looters reacted as they did because Republicans “systematically cut people out of the social fabric by redistributing wealth from the most vulnerable Americans to the most affluent.”

He is half right. Poor blacks are cut out of the social fabric. But not because more prosperous Americans are taking anything from them but initiative and self-respect. Lawlessness didn’t rule because the looters had spent lifetimes deprived of DVD players. They were out to get something for nothing—an ethic bred by years of guilty generosity prefaced on the assumption that the standard rules of social advancement don’t venture into the ghetto.

When Japan dusted off, the foreigners in Kobe probably went home, taking their disregard for the system with them. New Orleans is not so lucky. Those who finished Katrina’s ugly business were already home. ■

[hard times for the big easy]

Back for Mardi Gras

Not even a historic natural disaster can dampen New Orleans’s magic — or the affection of a native son.

By J. H. Cain

I WAS 13 WHEN Hurricane Andrew swept across Florida and up by New Orleans. It was exciting: getting off school, watching the wind rise and the clouds race. Losing power dampened the mood, for the house quickly became as hot and muggy as the outdoors.

After the storm passed, I rode my bike down the street to see how my friend Phillip had fared, and we spent the rest of the day helping neighbors clean their lawns. It made me feel good—helping the community, being neighborly. I was a Boy Scout, and I was leading by example.

That feeling lasted about as long as the excitement I felt as the hurricane was coming. When I went back home for dinner, I realized that I hadn’t bothered to help clean our own yard. But picking up our lawn would have been like doing chores, I argued.

I frantically typed a message to a friend: “Ben, I have some bad news about your house.” I had been searching online for scraps of information on my hometown, Mandeville, for days since Katrina swept through and had just come across a picture of his house. A pine tree had snapped in half and fallen onto his roof, tearing the gable in two.

“No, dude,” he wrote back. “We just enclosed our porch.”

“Maybe it got ripped off,” I suggested.

“Yeah, but we only have two dormer windows. There are three on that house. But it is eerie how similar it is to mine. And our front door’s red—unless my dad just repainted it without telling me ...”

My sister and her fiancé just started their last year at Tulane, and I met his mother for the first time over the Internet during the aftermath of the hurricane. She had been spending as much time online as I had, frustrated at not being able to find information on how our loved ones were doing, and thought to send me a link to some forums. I thanked her and told her that her son was safe with our family, who had evacuated to my grandparents’ house in northern Louisiana. The phone lines up there were all busy, but I had found that I could get through if I hit redial 20 or 30 times.

When I was in fourth grade, my class took a field trip to the newly built Aquarium of the Americas. Even though the aquarium was on the edge of the French Quarter, overlooking the Mississippi River, we were only moderately excited because this was a working field trip—we were going to write a book on the aquarium. I wrote about the arapaima, a fish from the Amazon with a gullet like a blender, and sketched a few that were

swimming through the rainforest exhibit. I still have my copy in a box in the attic. Or had, that is, unless it turns out that our attic survived.

"Did you hear?" a co-worker asked me. "The aquarium in New Orleans was destroyed." My heart dropped. "But they were able to save the dolphins by putting them into a motel pool."

I thought that was odd since I didn't remember the aquarium having a dolphin exhibit. I later learned that those dolphins were from an aquarium—now devastated—in Gulfport. Unfortunately, though the Aquarium of the Americas survived, none of its fish did. And I haven't heard anything more about the dolphins, either. I can't imagine they are a high priority when people don't have food, water, shelter, or anything at all.

According to my grandfather, my family has lived in the New Orleans area ever since Etienne Henri Plauché sailed from France to *La Nouvelle Orleans* in the early 18th century. Fifteen generations later, my mother gave birth to me

at Touro Infirmary on Prytania Street. "Where babies come from," said their advertisements.

Now I wonder if New Orleans is worth reconstructing. Its founders built the heart of the city on the only sensible spot in the area, erecting St. Louis Cathedral on one of the highest points in what became the heart of the Vieux Carré, just off the Mississippi.

Though New Orleans wasn't suited to expanding, expand it did—all across the floodplain. Through the low-lying swamps and hinterlands people built communities. Floods and hurricanes rushed through. New Orleanians adapted: casinos went on riverboats and some put their houses on stilts. Those who passed away were interred in above-ground tombs so their bodies wouldn't float away. The dead shall rise, but not just now, please.

The attempts to tame the mighty Mississippi—the first levees—were built almost 300 years ago and were at least partly privately maintained. The river itself has been doing its own thing far longer, spilling over its banks, pushing new channels through the mud, leaving

behind fecund silt and an ever-spreading—and hurricane buffering—delta.

The Army Corps of Engineers was aggressive, and New Orleans thrived as a diverse port city, secure in the knowledge that, though The Big One was coming, it wasn't here yet. Then the delta began to disappear, as did the Army Corps of Engineers funding for levee repairs.

Now, with the city under billions of gallons of toxic water, the tourists that were the backbone of New Orleans's economy are going to disappear, the businesses that called Louisiana's largest city home are going to dry up. New Orleans will, I suspect, become only a half-rebuilt relic of halcyon days when *les bon temps ont roulé*.

I pray that the rest of the hurricane season is mild.

I recall the rhythmic bump of the wheels of my father's car across the Causeway. Along the horizon to my left, the sun rises through clouds that stretch down from the sky to Lake Pontchartrain. I listen to Rod Ryan kvetch on the radio and smile, glad that he had come back from New York. I drum the top of the steering wheel and rub my face, trying to wake up. I haven't had any coffee yet. Dark roast Community, not Starbucks.

As the minutes roll by, I can see the tops of the buildings in the CBD rise up through the morning air and the mile markers slowly count down from 24 to one. When I can see the Metairie toll-booth I coast down to 35 and exit onto Causeway Boulevard. I'm stuck in slow-moving New Orleans traffic and try to make up time by weaving in between lanes to compensate for my perpetual tardiness.

I get off I-10 by the Superdome and drive down Poydras until I hit O'Keefe. I double-park in a lot just off the street,

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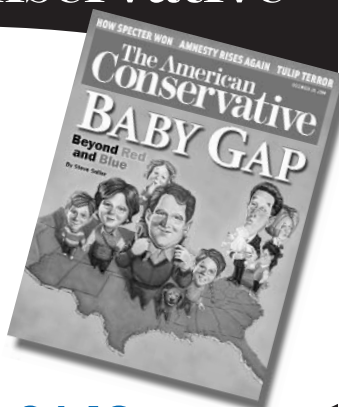
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pay the attendant far too much on my barely minimum-wage job, and walk across the street to the law office where I am interning. I tug on the front of my polo, trying to fan myself enough so that I don't sweat too much. It's going to be a hot day.

The traffic's twice as bad after work. Do I take I-10 back to Causeway? Veterans to Bonabel? Or is it bad enough to give up on the Causeway and take I-10 East to the Twin Spans?

It's a great commute after a night out, though. Maybe we went to Pat O's—it's not just for tourists—in the French Quarter and tried to pay the musicians in the piano bar to play "Freebird." Maybe we relaxed Uptown in the antebellum Balcony Bar. Maybe we danced at Tipitina's or did shots and played pool with kids from Tulane at Bruno's. It was seedy, unrespectable, hedonistic, irresponsible. And we loved it.

Somehow, I always managed to be the designated driver on the really fun nights, when the air wasn't too humid, that trumpet player on the corner found a perfectly smooth groove, Abita was only two bucks a bottle, and the beignets at Morning Call were very, very fresh. But I didn't mind, because I-10's empty. The Causeway's a straight shot back to Mandeville, and chances are good that the moon's reflecting into a million different pieces on the water.

That's all changed now.

Your friends from out of town tell you that the streets smell of urine and fermenting garbage—that they're covered in a filth that turns shoes a blacker shade of gray and never washes out.

The tarot-readers have pushed the street musicians out, and if you see one more mime covered in silver paint, you'll scream very, very quietly.

My mother leads our family to an early dinner. "Let's just cut down Bourbon to

Galatoire's." My youngest sister, a very precocious five, asks "Mom, what's a—?"

Mom quickly pulls her down the street, shielding her from the burlesque mannequins, graphic drawings and glamour shots, and seedy tag lines. She sends a scathing glare over her shoulder to my father. He never noticed.

When you are a teenager, you seek out Bourbon Street and its crazy-fun, always-happening party atmosphere. If you're a tourist visiting New Orleans, you'll probably keep going back well

HAND GRENADES ARE MUCH, MUCH STRONGER THAN THEY TASTE—SO YOU'D BETTER BUY AN EXTRA ONE, BECAUSE THE WALK TO THE BAR NEXT DOOR IS A LONG ONE.

through your twenties. You might pretend to put down a couple years of respectability when you start having kids, but by the time you hit your first divorce, you're ready to head back to those tawdry, tacky, wonderful streets.

Lock your car doors when driving through the bad parts of town—which you'd come across every couple of blocks. Don't cut down alleys by yourself when you're drunk. And hand grenades are much, much stronger than they taste—so you'd better buy an extra one, because the walk to the bar next door is a long one.

I stretch my mouth as wide as I can and take a bite of my fried oyster po'boy. The oysters crunch, the bread crushes, and it's dressed just right, with shredded iceberg lettuce, tomato slices, mayonnaise, ketchup, and Crystal hot sauce. Johnny's makes me smile every time, but Monster's has better onion rings, even if it isn't in the city. I couldn't stand oysters until I had Oysters Rockefeller that night at Galatoire's. Now I slurp them down raw, by the dozens.

Bananas Foster is my favorite dessert—it's the only elaborate dessert I know how to make, but it certainly is a crowd-pleaser. You can find the recipe on the Brennan's webpage, but despite what they say, it's important to heat the rum before adding it to the sauce.

Never order Cajun food outside of Louisiana—it's always pitifully spiced, even when you ask for it to be extra hot. And lobster? The meat may be succulent, but it's really just an overgrown mudbug begging to be covered in Tony's

and tossed in a huge pot with some potatoes and corn. Crawfish are much, much cheaper, too.

I wish my parents hadn't stopped shipping me McKenzie's King Cakes every Mardi Gras and Gold Brick Eggs every Easter. They claim expense, but it's really just a ploy to make sure I'm back home often. I'd be home now, if the airline would stop canceling flights to the city.

I'll get back eventually. Mother Nature and Old Man River may roll on by us, but I'll never tire of the Big Easy. I haven't sufficiently embarrassed myself dancing on the grass at the Jazz Festival. I haven't found a perfectly made Sazerac. I haven't learned how to make gumbo. I haven't bought that house on Royal Street above the antique store I don't yet own either. I haven't caught one of Zulu's coconuts, but I'll keep second-lining until I do.

And whether New Orleans is restored to its dirty glory or not, I'll be on St. Charles Avenue every Mardi Gras, waving my hands and shouting for something, mister. ■

J. H. Cain is a New Orleans native.

[season of discontent]

The Emperor's New Consensus

From the Persian Gulf to the Gulf Coast, the tide has turned against Bush.

By Scott McConnell

LIKE INDIVIDUALS, countries can benefit from seeing themselves through the eyes of others. Many Americans would ignore a European view; the supposed jealousy of "Old Europe" for our dynamism has been baked into a national cliché and digested. Views from the Middle East, in light of current military deployments, would not be objective either. But what of South Asia, itself hit by a catastrophic natural disaster this year, a region where gratitude for Washington's tsunami assistance remains very much alive?

Early this month, the *International Herald Tribune* published a story based on attitudes in that region at the time of Katrina, views jolted by the gap between the image of America that locals had in their minds and what Katrina presented on their TV screens. "How is it possible?" asked one Indonesian journalist. "How is it possible that in an advanced society like the United States it is so difficult to provide help or rescue people? How is it possible this breakdown in law and order could happen? Let's just say that it is noted that America sends troops to try to maintain order in distant places, but it seems to have difficulty to do it in their own back yard." Or as a Philippine government official put it, "It's so heart-breaking to see how helpless America has become. You're not strong any more. You can't even save your own countrymen and there you are, out there trying to control the world."

Such statements don't come configured with neo-Marxian accoutrements about hegemony and imperialism—they are, rather like the child's response to the emperor's new clothes, a conclusion drawn from obvious visual evidence. Variations of this reaction swept the globe in the early days of September, at the beginning of Osama bin Laden's second term.

The underlying cause of this turnabout in world thinking was America's inability to tame the Iraq insurgency, two and half years after George W. Bush initiated a war of choice against Saddam. That war is not yet over for American troops or the Iraqis, but its basic strategic outcome is clear: as a vehicle for transforming the political culture of the Arab world in a pro-American direction, it is an utter failure.

The open question is whether America, as a society and as a government, is capable of recognizing this and making the necessary adjustments. That was the implicit subject of an important conference held in Washington on Week Two of Katrina—scheduled months before to mark the fourth anniversary of 9/11. The event brought together much of the country's national-security elite—academics and policymakers (though few from the current Bush administration), politicians from both parties, figures as disparate as George Soros and Grover Norquist. The politically eclectic New America Foundation served as main sponsor.

Its director, Steven Clemons, spoke of an "emerging consensus" that held that while "military response to 9/11 was necessary," it was not sufficient as a long-term anti-terrorism strategy.

In the language of Washington, phrases like "emerging consensus" are vital currency. As much as some (like myself) might wish the architects of the Iraq War would be put on trial, American policy will likely change through subtle shifts in establishment attitudes, such as an "emerging" view that sending 150,000 troops to occupy an Arab country that had nothing to do with bin Laden was not the wisest way to protect the United States from a terrorist threat. The etiquette of making a consensus emerge requires that one pretend to forget that many who now hold forth confidently on the unwisdom of Operation Iraqi Freedom two years ago spouted with equal certainty opinions molded by super-hawk Norman Podhoretz.

But is there really an emerging new consensus? In one sense, yes. This was a conference that could not have been held two years ago. A key panel during the first morning was devoted to "addressing legitimate grievances" in the Muslim world. For official Washington, which had gobbled up Bush's talk about evildoers who hate our freedom, this was long an off-limits topic. No longer. Nir Rosen, author of the much admired *New Yorker* essay "Letter from Fallujah," said, "they hate us not for what we are but what we do." He noted that the city had become, courtesy

of the U.S. Marine assault, a symbol of resistance and defiance throughout the Muslim world, with t-shirts and coffee mugs on sale from Mogadishu to Islamabad celebrating those who martyred themselves in its defense. Rosen added, "an American withdrawal from Iraq and Israeli withdrawal from the Occupied Territories would do more to fight terrorism than any military action ever could."

The University of Chicago's Robert Pape affirmed this analysis, pointing out that suicide terrorism was a political tactic designed to force democratic regimes to withdraw from what the attackers consider their core territory. This kind of interpretation is hardly novel—after all, one left-wing organization ran ads prior to the Iraq invasion proclaiming, under a photograph of Osama bin Laden, "I want you to invade Iraq." But until recently, to be associated with such views was—for those close to government or aspiring to be—a kind of career suicide.

The New Orleans debacle may have liberated the debate in the press as well as the intelligentsia. Because this wound was self-inflicted—the warnings about the levees ignored by the Bush administration, the ineptitude of the early relief effort—the veil of deference accorded the White House was pierced. As *The American Prospect's* Robert Kuttner put it, New Orleans had given many members of the mass media—particularly television correspondents on the scene—permission to ask impolite questions. Gone was the fear—for a press corps that had been acting as if it was embedded in the White House—that to be too critical was to be taken as "liberal" or "soft."

And so at the conference one could hear rumblings of outrage that evoked the 1960s. Anne-Marie Slaughter, a dean at Princeton, denounced the administration's policies at Guantanamo and Abu Ghraib with such passion and eloquence that one could only conclude that

regardless of what heights she might reach in academia, her true calling lies in giving speeches (on the Mall perhaps) that would move millions.

But while this conference signaled a kind of elite consensus that the Bush response to terrorism was inadequate and counterproductive and received the endorsement of foreign-affairs specialists and retired heavyweights from both parties (Warren Rudman and Sam Nunn), it is not clear that this consensus touches the political system sufficiently to force a change of course.

If one wanted to despair about the prospect of the Democrats providing a meaningful alternative to the Bush foreign policy, one could do no better than Sen. Joseph Biden. He praised Bush's second inaugural for revisiting the themes of John F. Kennedy's 1961 address; it was as if he were in a time warp, untroubled by knowledge that anything had changed in the ensuing 44 years—the country's share of world economic production, for instance—that might impinge on America's capacity to "bear any burden" to secure for the world the blessings of liberty.

For Biden, Europeans who fail to enthuse about Bush were still culpable: he derided in typical Euro-bashing terms a German newspaper's reaction to the Bush speech—"Bush Threatens More Freedom." (In fact, the headline, if translated correctly, goes far to undermine the cliché about the nonexistent German sense of humor.)

For former Attorney General John Ashcroft, it was still a time for American-flag lapel pins and rhetoric about those not with us being against us; like the president, Ashcroft, when asked, could not come up with a single decision that might have been made differently in the War on Terror.

The one elected official who did embrace the new consensus was Nebraska Sen. Chuck Hagel, who intersperses

relatively banal internationalist observations with real insights. In a dinner speech during which he explained that America needed more cultural bridges to the world like student exchanges, he allowed, almost as an afterthought, that Iraq had nothing to do with 9/11. The packed room burst into applause: could it have been the first time a Republican senator had acknowledged this fact?

Hagel is sometimes touted as a future president. Under more normal circumstances, his Council on Foreign Relations views would come across as tepid and uninspiring. But after eight years of George W. Bush, Hagel's worldliness and consciousness of America's very real limits seems, by comparison, Metternichian. It remains problematic for such a figure—Vietnam vet though he is—to get through the gauntlet of neocons and talk-radio chickenhawks he would face during the Republican primaries.

The New Orleans aftermath showed that most Democratic politicians are more comfortable with their golden oldies—accusing the Republicans of racism, for instance, after the black looting—than they are with raising any serious questions about imperial overstretch. Jesse Jackson might notice a link between troops in Iraq and a lack of sufficient troops in New Orleans, but not Howard Dean or Nancy Pelosi.

Of course, the political stasis could be broken by the 2006 congressional elections—but it is probably optimistic to think so. In fact, there is no guarantee America will adjust to the changed circumstance. Democracy, while desirable, hardly guarantees effective government—as anyone who knows the British and French record during the 1930s can attest. The world perceived that something decisive had changed in September 2005, but political Washington may be the last to know. ■

[culture and anarchy]

What We Have to Lose

The West's elites have forfeited their duty to cradle civilization.

By Theodore Dalrymple

WHENEVER WE LEARN of events of world-shaking significance, of catastrophes or massacres, we are inclined not only to feel ashamed (all too briefly) of our querulous preoccupation with our own minor tribulations but also to question the wider value of all our activities. I do not know whether people who are faced by death in a few seconds' time see their lives flash before them, as they are said to do, and pass final judgment upon them; but whenever I read something about the Khmer Rouge or the genocide in Rwanda, I reflect for a time upon my own life and dwell a little on the insignificance of my efforts, the selfishness of my concerns, the narrowness of my sympathies.

So it was when I first learned of the destruction of the two towers of the World Trade Center. I was settling down to write a book review: not of a great work, but of a competent, conscientious, slightly dull biography of a minor historical figure. Could any activity have been less important when set beside the horrible fate of thousands of people trapped in the then flaming—and soon collapsing—buildings? A book review, compared to the deaths of more than 300 firemen killed in the course of their duty, to say nothing of the thousands of others? What was the point of finishing so laboriously insignificant a task as mine?

In my work as a doctor in a prison, I save a few lives a year. When I retire, I shall not in my whole career have saved as many lives as were lost in New York

in those few terrible moments, even counting the time I spent in Africa, where it was only too easy to save human life by the simplest of medical means. As for my writing, it is hardly dust in the balance: my work amuses a few, enrages some, and is unknown to the vast majority of people in my immediate vicinity, let alone to wider circles. Impotence and futility are the two words that spring to mind.

Yet even as I think such self-regarding thoughts, an image recurs in my mind: that of the pianist Myra Hess playing Mozart in London's National Gallery as the bombs were falling during the Second World War. I was born after the war ended, but the quiet heroism of those concerts and recitals, broadcast to the nation, was still a potent symbol during my childhood. It was all the more potent, of course, because Myra Hess was Jewish, and the enemy's anti-Semitism was central to its depraved view of the world; and because the music she played, one of the highest peaks of human achievement, emanated from the very same land as the enemy's leader, who represented the depths of barbarism.

No one asked, "What are these concerts for?" or "What is the point of playing Mozart when the world is ablaze?" No one thought, "How many divisions has Myra Hess?" or "What is the fire-power of a Mozart rondo?" Everyone understood that these concerts, of no account in the material or military sense, were a defiant gesture of human-

ity and culture in the face of unprecedented brutality. They were what the war was about. They were a statement of the belief that nothing could vitiate the value of civilization; and no historical revisionism, however cynical, will ever subvert this noble message.

I recall as well a story told by the philosopher Sir Karl Popper, an Austrian refugee who made his home in Britain. Four cultivated men in Berlin, as they awaited their expected arrest by the Gestapo, spent their last night together—possibly their last night on earth—playing a Beethoven quartet. In the event, they were not arrested; but they too had expressed by their action their faith that civilization transcends barbarism, that notwithstanding the apparent inability of civilization at the time to resist the onslaught of the barbarians, civilization was still worth defending. Indeed, it is the only thing worth defending because it is what gives, or should give, meaning to our lives.

Of course, civilization is not only an attachment to the highest peaks of human achievement. It relies for its maintenance upon an infinitely complex and delicate tissue of relations and activities, some humble and others grand. The man who sweeps the streets plays his part as surely as the great artist or thinker. Civilization is the sum total of all those activities that allow men to transcend mere biological existence and reach for a richer mental, aesthetic, material, and spiritual life.

An attachment to high cultural achievement is thus a necessary but not sufficient condition of civilization—for it is said that concentration-camp commandants wept in the evening over Schubert *lieder* after a hard day's mass murder—and no one would call such men civilized. On the contrary, they were more like ancient barbarians who, having overrun and sacked a civilized city, lived in the ruins because they were still far better than anything they could build themselves. The first requirement of civilization is that men should be willing to repress their basest instincts and appetites: failure to do that makes them, on account of their intelligence, far worse than mere beasts.

I grew up in secure and comfortable circumstances, give or take an emotional problem or two; but an awareness of the fragility of civilization was instilled early, though subliminally, by the presence in London during my childhood of large numbers of unreconstructed bomb sites that were like the gaps between the rotting teeth in an old man's mouth. Often I played in small urban wildernesses of weeds and rubble and rather regretted their gradual disappearance; but even so, I could hardly fail to see, in the broken fragments of human artifacts and in the plasterwork with wallpaper still attached, the meaning of the destruction that had been wrought before I was born. Somehow the shades of those who had sheltered in them were still present.

The Blitz was within every adult's living memory: my mother's apartment building had been bombed, and she woke one morning with one of her rooms open directly to the air. In my house, as in many other households, there was a multi-volume pictorial history of the war, over which I pored for entire mornings or afternoons, until I knew every picture by heart. One of them was ever present in my mind when

I entered a bomb shelter with my friends: that of two young children, both blind, in just such a shelter, their sightless eyes turned upward to the sound of the explosions above them, a heartrending look of incomprehension on their faces.

More than anything else, however, the fact that my mother was herself a refugee from Nazi Germany contributed to my awareness that security—the feeling that nothing could change seriously for the worse and that the life that you had was invulnerable—was illusory and even dangerous. She showed us, my brother and me, photographs of her life in pre-Nazi Germany: a prosperously bourgeois existence with chauffeurs and large cars, patriarchs in winged collars conspicuously smoking cigars, women in feather boas, picnics by lakes, winter in the mountains. And then—suddenly—nothing: a prolonged pictorial silence, until my mother emerged into a new, less luxurious but more ordinary (because familiar) life.

She had left Germany when she was 17 and never saw her parents again. If it could happen to her, why not to me or

good fortune in the famous remark of Louis Pasteur: it favors only the mind prepared. To an extent, one brings back from it only what one takes to it, and I chose my countries with unconscious care and thereby received many object lessons in the fragility of the human order, especially when it is undermined in the abstract name of justice. It is often much easier to bring about total disaster than modest improvement.

Many of the countries I visited—Afghanistan, Mozambique, Iran—soon descended into the most terrible chaos. Their peace had always been flawed, of course—which is not? I learned that the passion to destroy, far from being “also” a constructive one, as the famous but foolish remark of the Russian anarchist Bakunin would have it, soon becomes autonomous, unattached to any other purpose but indulged in purely for the pleasure that destruction itself brings.

I remember watching rioters in Panama, for example, smashing shop windows, allegedly in the name of freedom and democracy, but laughing as they did so, searching for new fields of

I REMEMBER WATCHING RIOTERS IN PANAMA SMASHING SHOP WINDOWS, ALLEGEDLY IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY.

indeed to anyone? I didn't believe it would, but then neither had she or anyone else. The world, or that little part of it that I inhabited, that appeared so stable, calm, solid, and dependable—dull even—had shakier foundations than most people most of the time were willing to suppose.

As soon as I was able, I began to travel. Boredom, curiosity, dissatisfaction, a taste for the exotic and for philosophical inquiry drove me. It seemed to me that comparison was the only way to know the value of things, including political arrangements. But travel is like

glass to conquer. Many of the rioters were the scions of privileged families, as have been the leaders of so many destructive movements in modern history. That same evening I dined in an expensive restaurant and saw there a fellow diner whom I had observed a few hours before joyfully heaving a brick through a window. How much destruction did he think his country could bear before his own life might be affected, his own existence compromised?

As I watched the rioters at play, I remembered an episode from my childhood. My brother and I took a radio out

onto the lawn and there smashed it into a thousand pieces with croquet mallets. With a pleasantly vengeful fury, as if performing a valuable task, we pursued every last component with our mallets until we had pulverized it into unrecognizability. The joy we felt was indescribable; but where it came from or what it meant, we knew not. Within our small souls, civilization struggled with barbarism, and had we suffered no retribution, I suspect that barbarism's temporary victory would have been more lasting.

But why did we feel the need to revolt in this fashion? At such a remove in time, I cannot reconstruct my own thoughts or feelings with any certainty, but I suspect that we rebelled against our own powerlessness and lack of freedom, which we felt as a wound, by comparison with what we saw as the omnipotence and complete freedom of action of the grown-ups in our lives. How we longed to grow up, so that we might be like them, free to do as we liked and give orders to others, as they gave orders to us! We never suspected

electricity or running water. Almost every building had been destroyed in whole or in part, and what had not been destroyed had been looted.

Every last piece of equipment in the hospitals—which had long since been emptied of staff and patients—had been laboriously disassembled beyond hope of repair or use. Every wheel had been severed by metal cutters from every trolley, cut at the cost of what must have been a very considerable effort. It was as if a horde of people with terrible experiences of hospitals, doctors, and medicine had passed through to exact their revenge.

But this was not the explanation, because every other institution had undergone similar destruction. The books in the university library had been pulled from the shelves and piled into contemptuous heaps, many with pages torn from them or their spines deliberately broken. It was the revenge of barbarians upon civilization and of the powerless upon the powerful, or at least upon what they perceived as the source of power. Ignorance revolted against

not intact: its legs had been sawed off (though they were by design removable) and the body of the piano laid on the ground, like a stranded whale. Around it were disposed not only the sawed-off legs but little piles of human feces.

I had never seen a more graphic rejection of human refinement. I tried to imagine other possible meanings of the scene but could not. Of course, the piano represented a culture that was not fully Liberia's own and had not been assimilated fully by everyone in the country: but that the piano represented not just a particular culture but the very idea of civilization itself was obvious in the very coarseness of the gesture of contempt.

Appalled as I was by the scene in the Centennial Hall, I was yet more appalled by the reaction of two young British journalists. They could see nothing significant—no connection whatever between the impulse to destroy the piano and the impulse to kill, no connection between respect for human life and for the finer productions of human labor, no connection between civilization and the inhibition against the random killing of fellow beings, no connection between the book burnings in Nazi Germany and all the subsequent barbarities of that regime.

If anything, they “understood” the destruction of the piano and even sympathized with it. The “root cause” of Liberia's civil war, they said, had been the long dominance of an elite—in the same way, presumably, that poverty is often said to be the “root cause” of crime. The piano was an instrument, both musical and political, of that elite, and therefore its destruction was itself a step in the direction of democracy, an expression of the general will.

This way of thinking about culture and civilization—possible only for people who believe that the comforts and benefits they enjoy are immortal and indestructible—has become almost standard

EVERY LAST PIECE OF EQUIPMENT IN THE HOSPITALS HAD BEEN LABORIOUSLY DISASSEMBLED BEYOND HOPE OF REPAIR OR USE. EVERY WHEEL HAD BEEN SEVERED BY METAL CUTTERS FROM EVERY TROLLEY.

that adulthood would bring its own frustrations, responsibilities, and restrictions: we looked forward to the time when our own whim would be law, when our egos would be free to soar wherever they chose. Until then, if we could not be as adults were, we could at least destroy a little of the adults' world.

I saw the revolt against civilization and the restraints and frustrations it entails in many countries but nowhere more starkly than in Liberia in the midst of the civil war there. I arrived in Monrovia when there was no longer any

knowledge for the same reasons that my brother and I smashed the radio all those years before. Could there have been a clearer indication of hatred of the lower for the higher?

In fact, there was—in a building called the Centennial Hall, where the inauguration ceremonies of the presidents of Liberia took place. The hall was empty except for the busts of former presidents, some of them overturned—and a Steinway grand piano, probably the only instrument of its kind in the entire country. The piano, however, was

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among the intelligentsia of Western societies. The word civilization itself now rarely appears in academic texts or in journalism without the use of ironical quotation marks, as if civilization were a mythical creature, like the Loch Ness monster or the Abominable Snowman, and to believe in it were a sign of philosophical naiveté. Brutal episodes, such as are all too frequent in history, are treated as demonstrations that civilization and culture are a sham, a mere mask for crassly material interests—as if there were any protection from man's permanent temptation to brutality except his striving after civilization and culture.

At the same time, achievements are taken for granted, as always having been there, as if man's natural state were knowledge rather than ignorance, wealth rather than poverty, tranquility rather than anarchy. It follows that nothing is worthy of, or requires, protection and preservation, because all that is good comes about as a free gift of Nature.

CIVILIZED MEN HAVE DONE WORSE THAN NOTHING—THEY HAVE ACTIVELY THROWN IN THEIR LOT WITH THE BARBARIANS. THEY HAVE DENIED THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN HIGHER AND LOWER, TO THE INVARIABLE ADVANTAGE OF THE LATTER.

To paraphrase Burke, all that is necessary for barbarism to triumph is for civilized men to do nothing: but in fact for the past few decades, civilized men have done worse than nothing—they have actively thrown in their lot with the barbarians. They have denied the distinction between higher and lower, to the invariable advantage of the latter. They have denied the superiority of man's greatest cultural achievements over the most ephemeral and vulgar of entertainments; they have denied that the scientific labors of brilliant men have resulted in an objective understanding of nature, and, like Pilate, they have treated the

question of truth as a jest; above all, they have denied that it matters how people conduct themselves in their personal lives, provided only that they consent to their own depravity. The ultimate object of the deconstructionism that has swept the academy like an epidemic has been civilization itself, as the narcissists within the academy try to find a theoretical justification for their own revolt against civilized restraint. And thus the obvious truth—that it is necessary to repress, either by law or by custom, the permanent possibility in human nature of brutality and barbarism—never finds its way into the press or other media of mass communication.

For the last decade I have been observing close-up, from the vantage point of medical practice, the effects upon a large and susceptible population of the erosion of civilized standards of conduct brought about by the assault upon them by intellectuals. If Joseph Conrad were to search nowadays for the

heart of darkness—the evil of human conduct untrammelled by the fear of legal sanction from without or of moral censure from within—he would have to look no further than a city such as mine.

And how can I not be preoccupied with the search for the origins and ramifications of this evil when every working day I come upon stories like the one I heard today? It concerns a young man aged 20 who still lived with his mother and who had tried to kill himself. Not long before, his mother's current boyfriend, a habitual drunkard 10 years her junior, had attacked the mother in the young man's presence, grabbing her round the throat

and strangling her. The young man tried to intervene, but the older man knocked him to the ground and kicked him several times in the head. Then he dragged him outside and smashed his head on the ground until he was unconscious and blood ran from a deep wound.

The young man regained consciousness in the ambulance, but his mother insisted that he give no evidence to the police because, had he done so, her lover would have gone to jail. A little animal pleasure meant more to the mother than her son's life; and so he was confronted by the terrifying realization that, in the words of Joseph Conrad, he was born alone, he lived alone, and would die alone.

Who, in listening to such cases day after day and year after year, as I have, could fail to wonder what ideas and social arrangements have favored the spread of conduct so vile?

This brutality is now a mass phenomenon rather than a sign of individual psychopathology. Recently I went to a soccer game in my city on behalf of a newspaper; the fans of the opposing teams had to be separated by hundreds of policemen, disposed in military fashion. The police allowed no contact whatever between the opposing factions, shepherding or corralling the visiting fans into their own area of the stadium with more security precautions than the most dangerous of criminals ever faces.

In the stadium I sat next to a man who appeared perfectly normal and decent, and his 11-year-old son who seemed a well-behaved little boy. Suddenly, in the middle of the match, the father leaped up and, in unison with thousands of others, began to chant: "Who the f—k do you think you are? Who the f—k do you think you are?" while making, also in common with thousands of others, a threatening gesture in the direction of the opposing supporters that looked uncommonly like a fascist salute. Was

this the example he wanted to set for his son? Apparently so. The frustrations of poverty could hardly explain his conduct: the cost of the tickets to the game could have fed a family more than adequately for a week.

Had it not been for the presence of the police, there would have been real violence and bloodshed, perhaps even death. The difference between an event that passed off peacefully and one that would end in mayhem, destruction, injury, and death was the presence of a relative handful of resolute men prepared to do their duty.

Despite the evidence of rising barbarism all around us, no betrayal is too trivial for the Quislings of civilization to consider worthwhile. Recently, at the airport, I noticed an advertisement for a firm of elegant and costly shirt and tie makers, headquartered in London's most expensive area. The model they chose to advertise their products was a shaven-headed, tattooed monster, with scars on his scalp from bar brawls—the type that beats women, carries a knife, and throws punches at soccer games. The advertisement is not ironical, as academic cultural critics would pretend, but an abject capitulation to and flattery of the utmost coarseness and brutality. Savagery is all the rage.

If any good comes of terrible events, let it be this: that our intellectuals should realize that civilization is worth defending, and that the adversarial stance to tradition is not the beginning and end of wisdom and virtue. We have more to lose than they know. ■

Theodore Dalrymple is a British doctor and writer who has worked on four continents and has most recently practiced in a British inner-city hospital and prison. This article is taken from Our Culture, What's Left of It, copyright © 2005 by Theodore Dalrymple, by permission of Ivan R. Dee, Publisher.

[my friend fredo]

The Man Who Would Be Justice

Is Alberto Gonzales headed for the Supreme Court?

By Steve Sailer

THE DAY AFTER nominating John Roberts to be Chief Justice of the United States, President Bush addressed the remaining Supreme Court vacancy: "The list is wide open. ... And make sure you notice when I said that, I looked right at Al Gonzales ..."

Last summer, when Gonzales's name was first floated as replacement for Sandra Day O'Connor, Bush lashed out at conservatives for their tepid response. Sounding like a cross between Don Corleone and the narrator of *Green Eggs and Ham*, the president bristled, "I don't like it when a friend gets criticized. I'm loyal to my friends. And all of a sudden this fellow, who is a good public servant and a really fine person, is under fire. And so, do I like it? No, I don't like it at all."

No matter whom George W. Bush ultimately nominates, it's clear that the man he would most like to appoint is Gonzales, his longtime *consigliere* upon whom he has bestowed the nickname "Fredo." After decades of personally prospering through crony capitalism, Bush wishes to reward his most devoted practitioner of lackey legalism by ensconcing Gonzales on the high court.

During Gonzales's attorney general confirmation hearings last winter, Democrats denounced him for overseeing memos justifying the abuse of prisoners of war in violation of the Geneva Con-

ventions. Criticism of Gonzales's role in excusing torture was not restricted to partisan liberals—a dozen retired generals and admirals, including former Joint Chiefs Chairman John Shalikashvili, issued an open letter denouncing Gonzales for endangering American soldiers, physically and morally.

Yet the idea of Gonzales on the Supreme Court has been greeted far more enthusiastically by Democrats than Republicans. The president had repeatedly promised social conservatives that he would nominate strict constructionists in the mode of Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas. They see Gonzales, in contrast, as another unprincipled lawyer who, once safe on the bench, will, like so many other disappointing Republican appointees, start "growing" and eliciting what Tom Bethell memorably labeled "strange new respect" from the *New York Times* by voting the liberal line.

Gonzales's meteoric rise as Bush's minion epitomizes the priorities of this administration. One, slavish loyalty over independent judgment. Two, promotion of the incompetent, such as the hapless former FEMA director Mike Brown. (One of Gonzales's last projects as White House counsel before being handed cabinet rank was "grilling" and then endorsing the gangsterish Bernie Kerik, whose

ill-fated nomination as Secretary of Homeland Security subsequently cratered.) And three, complex political machinations that turn out no more successfully at the polls than would just using all that energy to do a better job running the country.

Although nobody—other than the president, perhaps—seems to believe that Gonzales would be a distinguished addition to the bench, his nomination is widely perceived by the innumerate and ahistorical Washington press corps as a political masterstroke that would permanently cede the crucial Hispanic swing vote to the GOP. Gonzales would be the first Latino justice (or second, depending upon how you classify the Sephardic Benjamin Cardozo, whom Herbert Hoover nominated in 1932), and there is allegedly nothing Hispanic voters care about more than ethnic validation on the Supreme Court.

ALTHOUGH **NOBODY OTHER THAN THE PRESIDENT** SEEMS TO BELIEVE THAT GONZALES WOULD BE A DISTINGUISHED ADDITION TO THE BENCH, HIS NOMINATION IS WIDELY PERCEIVED BY THE WASHINGTON PRESS CORPS AS A **POLITICAL MASTERSTROKE** THAT WOULD **PERMANENTLY CEDE THE CRUCIAL HISPANIC SWING VOTE** TO THE GOP.

This might not make much sense to you or me, but the notion that Karl Rove is a sinister political genius appeals to reporters whose heads heat up alarmingly whenever numbers are discussed, so they take Rove at his word.

Rove has spun the press for years about how enormous the Hispanic vote—and the GOP's share of it—will be Real Soon Now. Michael Barone swallowed the hype (even though as veteran editor of the *Almanac of American Politics* he should know better) and wrote in *U.S. News & World Report*, "... Hispanic immigrants are the fastest-growing and politically most fluid segment of

the electorate. They were 7 percent of voters in 2000 and could be 9 percent in 2004, most of them in big states."

A recent study by the Pew Hispanic Center, based on the authoritative Census Bureau voter survey, however, cast cold water on the overheated Hispanic hype. It reported, "In November, 2004, Hispanics accounted for 6.0% of all votes cast ..." In his *Washington Post* op-ed "Latino Power? It Will Take Time for the Population Boom to Translate," Pew's Robert Suro summed up, "The rapid increase in its size has *not* produced a corresponding growth in its political clout—and won't for some time to come."

While Bush did well among Hispanics in 2004, few experts now believe he received the 44 percent of the Latino vote that the troubled national exit poll initially claimed. The consensus appears to be that he earned about 40 percent,

up from 35 percent in 2000. Much less discussed, though, is Bush's fraction of non-Hispanic white voters, who are 13 times more numerous than Hispanics. His white share rose almost as much, from 54 to 58 percent.

While Hispanics are often described as "swing voters," the last time they actually swung was the 1960 candidacy of the Catholic John F. Kennedy. Since then, Hispanics have been "flow voters" who go with the national tide. Their partisan predilections float up and down in sync with those of non-Hispanic whites, just far to the left. Bush has done better than the average Republican candidate,

but he hasn't solved the GOP's long-term problem that the mass immigration he supports so enthusiastically adds more Democrats than Republicans to the electorate.

Rove's endlessly publicized GOP Hispanic outreach may have served mostly to cover up from the gullible press the importance to the GOP of white inreach, especially to social conservatives. Bush won 11.6 million more votes in 2004 than in 2000, mostly due to heavier voting, especially among whites, whose turnout rate grew from 62 to 67 percent, while Hispanics were stable at 47 percent. Whites provided Bush in 2004 with almost 10 times more incremental votes over 2000 than did Hispanics.

Nor is it clear that there is a truly pan-Hispanic vote—as Newt Gingrich learned the hard way when he bullied the House of Representatives in 1998 into voting for Puerto Rican statehood to seduce the fast-growing immigrant electorate, only to learn that Puerto Ricans aren't immigrants and immigrants don't care about Puerto Rico. At least Gonzales is Mexican-American, but his group only represents a little over half of Hispanic voters.

Finally, do Hispanics or Mexican-Americans actually care about Alberto Gonzales's career? The most obvious analogy is the president's father's nomination of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court in 1991. Less than a year and a half later, George H. W. Bush won just 10 percent of the black vote, down from 12 percent in 1988. Although the tribal nepotism strategy didn't work for the first President Bush, the press seems sure it will triumph for the second. Yet the elder Bush was at least personally running for re-election the year after he nominated a black man, whereas even if Hispanics fall in love with George W. Bush for nominating Gonzales, somebody else will be running as the GOP nominee in three years.

Of course, if Gonzales somehow proved to be as forthright and incisive a justice as Thomas has, any failure to deliver the Latino vote would more than be forgiven by conservatives. But Thomas had already shown himself to be a man

interests, which are to protect affirmative action and encourage immigration, legal and illegal, so that the quotas that benefit them grow ever larger. He is so pro-illegal immigration that in his Senate confirmation testimony he used

a debate between Olson and Gonzales. The solicitor general never got to talk to the president, except through Gonzales." Ultimately, Justice O'Connor got Gonzales's message and declared "diversity" to be a "compelling interest," a catastrophic endorsement of reverse discrimination.

In the aftermath, Gonzales gloated, "And now that the Court has spoken, this Administration will continue to actively promote diversity and opportunity in higher education in every way that the law permits." As a justice, Gonzales would be given greater influence over what "the law permits" on the diversity front.

Many conservatives disenchanted with the Bush administration's acquiescence to big government and invade-invite the world policies voted to reelect the president solely because of the Supreme Court. Gonzales—with his support for preferences, fealty to *Roe*, and apologetics for illegal immigration—is exactly the kind of justice they hoped to avoid. ■

Steve Sailer is TAC's film critic and VDARE.com's Monday morning columnist.

GONZALES MAY HAVE SINGLE-HANDEDLY SAVED ETHNIC QUOTAS BY NEUTERING ANTI-RACIAL-PREFERENCE BRIEFS TO THE SUPREME COURT IN THE 2003 UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LAW SCHOOL AFFIRMATIVE-ACTION CASE.

of independent mind and strong character. His contempt for the liberal establishment was seared in by the absurd ordeal they put him through during his confirmation hearings.

In contrast, Gonzales appears to be an ambitious social climber who fell into Republican circles in the conservative city of Houston and might be equally likely to move left in liberal Washington, D.C. after Bush is gone. The *Washington Post* reported in 2001: "Gonzales paints himself as a largely apolitical lawyer, who began leaning toward the GOP only after joining the prestigious Houston firm of Vinson & Elkins. He says he votes for the person, not the party, adding that he would have supported George W. Bush even if he had been a Democrat."

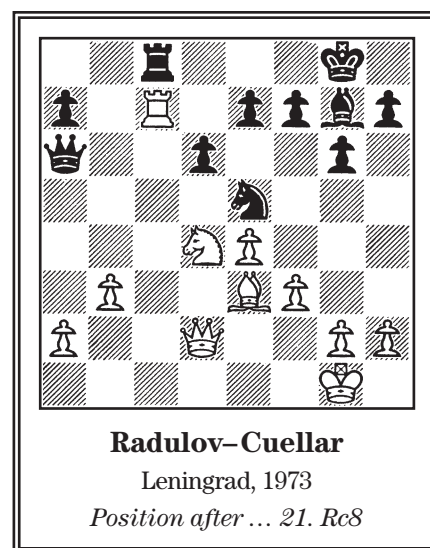
Gonzales, a former corporate attorney, would hardly seem suited to galvanizing higher turnout among Hispanic social conservatives. For example, while on the Texas Supreme Court, Gonzales frequently voted for the judicial bypass option to allow teens to obtain abortions without parental notification. Further, he has declared he would be ruled by the doctrine of *stare decisis* on *Roe v. Wade*, meaning he wouldn't touch it.

Rather than identify with working-class family-values voters, Gonzales has come to represent the Latino elite's

that ultimate euphemism for illegal aliens: "citizens." Of course, his presidential mentor has called illegal immigrants the same thing.

Gonzales admitted in an interview with the *San Diego Union-Tribune* that his ethnicity has benefited his career: "It's like when [Bush] appointed me to the Supreme Court of Texas, and he was asked if it made a difference that I was Hispanic. And he said, of course it made a difference." Unsurprisingly, his interest and ideology coincide. He told the American Bar Association in 2003 that Bush believed in ethnic preferences in nominating judges: "Some will argue that diversity is not an appropriate goal, that quality is not determined by external characteristics but by internal discipline and training ... But [Bush] believes that a president who seeks out judicial candidates in a diverse society should ensure that our federal judiciary is highly qualified and diverse."

Indeed, Gonzales may have single-handedly saved ethnic quotas in the United States by neutering Solicitor General Ted Olson's anti-racial-preference briefs to the Supreme Court in the 2003 University of Michigan Law School affirmative-action case. Robert Novak reported, "Bush agreed to intervene, but Gonzales started carving up Olson's language. This was not a matter of the president presiding over



The Purest Neocon

Christopher Hitchens, an unreconstructed Bolshevik, finds his natural home on the pro-war Right.

By Tom Piatak

THERE IS NO DENYING Christopher Hitchens's skill as a public figure: he is seldom at a loss for words, sometimes entertaining, and occasionally even right. But he keeps getting important things wrong because, throughout his political wanderings, there persists a strange loyalty to an obscure blood-thirsty revolutionary and to the ideals of the Bolshevik Revolution. For Hitchens—now honored throughout the neoconservative Right—remains what he has been throughout his public life, a disciple of Leon Trotsky and a talented writer and polemicist—perhaps the most talented polemicist the Bolshevik tradition has produced in the West.

Given Hitchens's current role as a neocon fellow traveler, it is instructive (not to mention fun) to recall with whom he used to travel. When the United States was locked in a mortal struggle with Soviet Communism, Hitchens was at best AWOL, at worst pulling for the other team. From his safe post at *The New Statesman* and later *The Nation*, Hitchens opposed every effort to defeat Communism—including the defense of South Vietnam, the deployment of cruise missiles and Pershing missiles in Europe, the invasion of Grenada, American support for the Contras, and Reagan's military buildup. Hitchens can be sensitive about his past—he is quite angry with his brother Peter for letting us know that Christopher used to joke

about not caring “if the Red Army waters its horses in Hendon”—but there can be no doubt where Hitchens stood during the Cold War. He was faithfully following Leon Trotsky, who wrote in 1939, “the defense of the USSR coincides for us with the preparation of world revolution.”

Rather than worrying about Soviet Communism, Hitchens spent his *Nation* years fighting against what he called “a regime of crime and corruption in the White House. ... necessitated by a war on revolution overseas and on democracy at home.” This description—typical of Hitchens's invective against Ronald Reagan—was contained in a fawning letter to “Comrade Ramirez,” a functionary of the Sandinista dictatorship in Nicaragua. Hitchens unbosomed that, far from hoping for an American victory in the Cold War, he was hoping for a “socialist renewal in the Soviet Union.” Hitchens also told his friend in Managua, “It is quite likely that historians will record this unhappy period not as an age of Reagan at all, but as a footnote to the age of Mikhail Gorbachev.”

Elsewhere, Hitchens turned out lines worthy of *Soviet Life*, such as this observation from a pre-invasion visit to the budding Communist dictatorship in Grenada: “The general enthusiasm, the internationalism and the determination of the Grenadan people is an inspiring thing to witness.”

Then there was the column Hitchens wrote in 1982, blasting anti-Communists for talking about “appeasement” and “Finlandization.” In the midst of Hitchens's long-winded explanation of why these were “bogus ideological words” and their use was “an insult—and not only to Finland,” comes a plangent reminder of the place Hitchens was happy to call home during the Cold War: an advertisement enticing readers to “spend Your Vacation with *The Nation* and Cruise Up the Volga.” The CPUSA was not listed as a sponsor, but that would probably have been redundant for a trip also sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

More insight into Hitchens's long love affair with Bolshevism came with the publication in 2002 of his close friend Martin Amis's *Koba the Dread*, a masterful account of the mass murder with which the Bolsheviks busied themselves after seizing power in October 1917. Hitchens told Amis, “Lenin was ... a great man” and implored him not to “fall for moral equivalence.” What Hitchens warned against was not viewing the West as equivalent to the USSR (a view generally attacked at *The Nation* only by those asserting straightforward Soviet superiority), but a belief that Soviet Communism could legitimately be compared to its (slightly less) murderous rival, Nazism.

It is true that, even as Trotsky had criticized Stalin, Hitchens felt free to criticize the USSR occasionally at *The Nation*—though generally without the venom reserved for the “Christian bigots” and “thwarted militarists” Hitchens saw in the “Reagan junta,” the “fascists” allied with the United States against Communism, and such obvious evildoers as Mother Teresa. But Hitchens, still following Trotsky, generally coupled these criticisms with attacks on the West or on anti-Communists, as in a 1986 piece on Chernobyl, where he devoted almost all his space to describing “two cases of potential and actual nuclear irradiation that were visited on unsuspecting peoples by NATO governments.” And after Solidarity had been outlawed and Lech Walesa imprisoned, Hitchens participated in a *Nation* forum on Communism and Poland in which—to his credit—he wrote that it was legitimate to defend the “Polish workers movement,” but also fretted about “the Manichaeian anti-Communism of the bad old days,” wished that Walesa had denounced Pinochet, and rebuked Susan Sontag for saying that Communism was akin to fascism and that the reliably anti-Communist *Readers’ Digest* had done a better job of informing its readers of the realities of Communism than had *The Nation* or *The New Statesman*—coincidentally (or not) Hitchens’s journalistic homes during the Cold War.

Hitchens also asserted that most of the Left did not have a problem with Poland, ignoring the fatuousness of the other contributors to the forum and his own magazine, which wanted to “transcend the hand-wringing platitudes of the Reagan Administration and to create some distance between radical Americans and the evident hypocrisy of ‘Let Poland Be Poland.’” Hitchens, too, had distinct limits to his sympathy for the Poles: the next time Hitchens man-

aged to write about Poland in *The Nation*, in January 1983, it was to mock the Poles, including John Paul II and Lech Walesa, for their religious beliefs. While the world watched the courage of Catholic Poland with admiration, Hitchens sneered. There is a reason streets in Poland are being named after Ronald Reagan and not writers for *The Nation*.

Hitchens has never apologized for his Trotskyism. As he told British writer Johann Hari in October 2004, “I don’t regret anything. ... [The socialist movement’s] achievements were real, and I’m glad I was a part of it.” And in the July/August 2004 issue of *The Atlantic*, Hitchens wrote a hagiographic essay about a figure whom he claimed “always was ... a prophetic moralist.” Hitchens was not writing about Mother Teresa or John Paul II, but about Leon Trotsky—a man who was an active participant in and apologist for Lenin’s Red Terror, the inventor of the “blocking units” that would gun down Russian troops foolish enough to defy the commissars by retreating, and the author of such witty

believe in 1917 that the Bolsheviks might be better than the Romanovs; it is quite another to believe that still today, tens of millions of corpses later.

Amis had also made the mistake, in a letter to Hitchens, of urging his friend to turn his back on Trotsky because Hitchens’s “prophetic moralist” was really a “nun-killer.” Amis should have realized that an appeal based on sympathy for nuns was hardly the way to his friend’s heart, and Hitchens responded by mocking Amis for having a “special horror of Bolshevik anti-clericalism.” What Amis has a “special horror of” is eloquently described in his book: a regime that killed 2,691 priests, 1,962 monks, and 3,447 nuns of the Russian Orthodox Church in 1922 alone. None of this bloodshed bothers Hitchens, who has recently written that “Secularism ... only became thinkable after several wars and revolutions had ruthlessly smashed the hold of the clergy on the state.” Since the American Revolution did not produce a single executed clergyman, Hitchens is here singing the praises of the Jacobins and the Bolsheviks.

HITCHENS TOLD THE *GUARDIAN* ON MAY 31, 2005, “**I CAN’T STAND ANYONE WHO BELIEVES IN GOD, WHO INVOKES THE DIVINITY ... I MEAN, THAT TO ME IS A HORRIBLE, REPULSIVE THING.**”

aphorisms as “We must rid ourselves once and for all of the Quaker-Papist babble about the sanctity of human life.”

Hitchens also took Amis to task for *Koba the Dread* in *The Atlantic*, criticizing him for suggesting the dreaded moral equivalence between the Nazis and the Communists and for wondering if the right side won the Russian Civil War. Hitchens’s dogged determination to defend Lenin shows that he is, at heart, as intense a believer as any radical Islamist. After all, it was one thing to

Indeed, nothing shows Hitchens’s continuing fidelity to the Bolshevik ideal more than his hatred for religion. He told the *Guardian* on May 31, 2005, “I can’t stand anyone who believes in God, who invokes the divinity ... I mean, that to me is a horrible, repulsive thing.” But Hitchens is by no means equal in his contempt for religions. He has written favorably of Judaism and described Islam as having been a “civilizing and creative force in many societies.” Hitchens has no such kind words for

Christianity, especially as manifested in the Roman Catholic Church. This is hardly surprising: the Roman Catholic Church was Bolshevism's most consistent and successful adversary, beginning with the 1920 defense of Warsaw from Trotsky's Red Army, when the future Pius XI, in Norman Davies's words, "stood on the ramparts of Radzymin and cursed the advancing hordes of Antichrist in person" and the Polish Army—dismissed by Trotsky as being "steeped in priests' lies"—prevented the Red Army from watering its horses anywhere near Hendon.

A straightforward description of all Hitchens's anti-Catholic outbursts would fill every page in this magazine—he recently argued, in essence, that Judge Roberts should not be confirmed to the Supreme Court because he is Catholic—but his most disgusting, and revealing, anti-Catholic spasm was his reaction to the death of John Paul II, a man he dismissed as "an elderly and querulous celibate, who came too late and who stayed too long."

A DESCRIPTION OF ALL HITCHENS'S ANTI-CATHOLIC OUTBURSTS WOULD FILL EVERY PAGE IN THIS MAGAZINE—HE RECENTLY ARGUED, IN ESSENCE, THAT JUDGE ROBERTS SHOULD NOT BE CONFIRMED TO THE SUPREME COURT BECAUSE HE IS CATHOLIC.

Speaking ill of the dead is a Hitchens trademark, with Mother Teresa, Bob Hope, and Ronald Reagan—whom Hitchens described as "dumb as a stump" and a "cruel and stupid lizard"—each rating a bilious sendoff. But John Paul II rated two. Hitchens blamed the pope for such wide-ranging evils as the "enslavement of the Middle East" and "the millions who will die needlessly from AIDS," a disease whose sexual transmission would cease if Catholic teaching were followed. Hitchens also blasted John Paul for harboring Cardi-

nal Law from justice, ignoring the fact that Cardinal Law was never convicted of any crime or even indicted because, as the prosecutor told the *Boston Globe*, "there was no intent that we have found to assist in any way in criminal acts."

Hitchens also criticized the pope for opposing the First Gulf War, writing, "I have never read any deployment of Augustinian argument ... that would not qualify it as a just war." Yet at the time, Hitchens denounced the First Gulf War as a "contrived war" of "discreditable origins," blamed the United States for "the infliction of a Dresden on the Iraqi people," and looked forward to "fresh Augustinian tautologies from our churchmen about proportionality in a just war."

But the most repellent aspect of Hitchens's diatribes was the sly way he sought to minimize John Paul's role in the transformation of Eastern Europe, implying that the credit belonged to "the Polish workers" and "Warsaw's dissident intellectuals ... who thought of Cardinal Glomp ... as one of their main enemies." The reality of Poland is deeply

embarrassing to someone who views the world as Hitchens does, which is why he indulges in fantasies about nameless "workers" and secular intellectuals battling evil Catholics.

The bare facts are these: the institution in Poland that gave dissidents, even secular intellectuals, the civic space to operate during the years of Soviet rule was the Catholic Church. The "Polish workers" who began the revolt that ended up toppling the Soviet Union were the workers at the Lenin shipyard in Gdansk, who during their historic

strike decorated the main gate of the shipyard with precisely two pictures—one of John Paul II, one of Our Lady of Czestochowa. (Leon Trotsky was nowhere in sight.) The leader of those workers was Lech Walesa, who posed in his first photograph after the strike under a crucifix, who afterwards customarily wore an icon of Our Lady of Czestochowa on his lapel, who signed the Gdansk agreement ending the strike with a souvenir pen bearing the likeness of John Paul II, and who left his Nobel Peace Prize as a votive offering at the Jasna Gora monastery where the famous icon of Our Lady is found. All of these symbolic gestures were carefully considered and show the profoundly Catholic nature of the peaceful Polish revolt that ended up discrediting Bolshevism in both its Stalinist and Trotskyist variants. Regardless of their views on other issues, Poles credit John Paul's epochal 1979 visit with inspiring all that followed. Indeed, the dissident publication *Robotnik*—associated with the sort of intellectuals Hitchens wants to credit instead of the pope—wrote the epitaph for Soviet Communism just 10 days after John Paul's triumphant Mass in Krakow before the largest gathering in Polish history, in words that Hitchens would never write, or even acknowledge having been written: "Pathetically silent was the ideology created without God and against God."

So where does this lover of Trotsky and hater of God, this despiser of religion and tradition and devotee of "permanent revolution," this anti-Catholic bigot and reviler of Reagan and John Paul, now find an ideological home? Among the neoconservatives, naturally. As Hitchens told Johann Hari in the same interview where he said "I don't regret anything," he admires Paul Wolfowitz, whom he described as a "real bleeding heart." According to Hari, Hitchens sees neoconservatism as a

America Now Extremely Vulnerable

With current budget deficits so high and increasing we have now become dependent on foreign loans to support our military, to receive tax refunds, and to fund our governments daily operations. Incredible as this sounds, without these loans our government could not pay it's bills and we could be forced to devalue our money.

Many Americans are beginning to recognize how vulnerable we are:

We are facing changing conditions and threats while spreading ourselves dangerously thin. We are trying to manage problems and uncertainties that we may not be able to properly handle as we dismantle our industrial infrastructure, outsource our manufacturing, and try to fight three wars. How can we cope with all of these threats while depending on foreign support for our strength and funding?

- **Fighting global wars with a military stretched to the breaking point**
- **Importing over \$1.25 million more per minute than we export creating a lean on our assets allowing foreign companies to buy and control our major industries (e.g. Movies - 69%; Cement - 81%; TV Manufacturing - 100% Foreign Owned)**
- **Borrowing from foreign countries at record amounts to finance our Government and Military**
- **Cutting taxes while at the same time under-funding our Military**
- **The constant uncertainty of a terrorist attack on US soil and the economic impact it would have**
- **Bankrupting major companies that can't compete or selling them to pay for our lifestyle of imports**
- **Dismantling our industrial base and relying on foreign manufacturing for imports and jobs**
- **Losing record amounts in internal (budget - \$413 Billion) and external (trade - \$617 Billion) deficits**
- **Looming rising interest rates and the subsequent ripple impact throughout the economy**

All the while our government repeatedly tell us that as our GDP continues to grow at a healthy pace, that jobs are being created, that unemployment is low, and that we are winning the war on terror. They are also telling us that we should continue to borrow and spend, and not be concerned with the economy, which we are told is excellent and growing.

How can we reconcile these two opposing differences?

We can't of course. GDP is no longer an accurate measure of our sustainable national economic health because it is now driven primarily by debt - personal, government, and trade, and by services rather than production. Foreign ownership and control of our key industries is also distorting the reality of who is benefiting from so-called economic growth. As further evidence of this, jobs are being lost in manufacturing and replaced in service-oriented sectors like retail, healthcare, and government - sectors that don't create value, but merely exchange wealth, which is at the same time being siphoned out of our economy by massive import imbalances with foreign countries.

If our leaders do not recognize reality, how can we hope to plan for the future?

If America is to continue to be the land of opportunity, what must we do to insure our position in this changing world? The first step is to understand the true condition of our country, which is inexorably heading towards uncontrollable problems and uncertainties that are now making us extremely vulnerable.

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“distinctively new strain of thought, preached by ex-leftists, who believed in using US power to spread democracy.” Hari also wrote that Hitchens believes that if neoconservatism “can become dominant within the Republican Party, it can turn US power into a revolutionary force.” Barry Didcock came to a similar conclusion in the June 5, 2005 *Sunday Herald* after interviewing Hitchens: “The way Hitchens tells it, he began to

can agnostic community combined and doubled.” Hitchens’s entire politics is motivated by his hatred of religion and tradition; he’d be just as happy bombing St. Peter’s as the Taliban.

Needless to say, Hitchens’s views have nothing to do with American conservatism or even American patriotism, which sees America as a real country and a real place, not as a template onto which foreigners project their ideologi-

NRO has hardly been as accommodating to any of the traditional conservatives its writers have smeared.

The irony, of course, is that Hitchens has hardly cast his lot with the “Let A Hundred Flowers Bloom” school of conservatism. The neocons prattle on endlessly about “moral clarity” and display a fondness for ideological purges but have never been anything but indulgent toward Hitchens. They have not criticized his Bolshevism or his hatred of religion. In fact, one of the Hitchens columns Frum praised at NRO described the Catholic Church as “foolish” and Opus Dei as a “sinister cult organization.” Let us not even pause to consider what Frum would have done if some paleoconservative had written a glowing essay describing Rudolf Hess as a “prophetic moralist”: whole forests would need to be felled to print his denunciations of the miscreant.

What the mutual embrace of Hitchens and the neocons tells us is that Hitchens’s assessment of neoconservatism is essentially correct: the regnant force in American conservatism today is warmed-over Trotskyism, which views America merely as the embodiment of the ideology of global revolution. This is, admittedly, a depressing conclusion. But there is hope. Hitchens spent the first half of his ideological career riding a dying horse. He may have just started riding another one. ■

Tom Piatak writes from Cleveland, Ohio.

NONE OF THE FOUNDERS WANTED TO USE AMERICAN POWER TO BRING ABOUT WORLD REVOLUTION, NOR DID THEY BELIEVE IN WASTING AMERICAN BLOOD AND TREASURE IN GRANDIOSE IDEOLOGICAL CRUSADES. NEITHER DID RONALD REAGAN.

realize, as the 1990s wore on, that US force could and should be used to fight what he saw as the forces of fascism.” Hitchens still wants world revolution; the only difference is that now he sees us Americans as perfectly placed to do the fighting and the dying needed to achieve his Trotskyist dream.

As both the Hari and Didcock interviews make clear, Hitchens was able to overcome his past squeamishness about American military force not because America is threatened, but because the threat now comes from men who believe in Allah rather than Marx. Didcock notes, “the origins of [Hitchens’s] position lie in his long-held distaste for religion,” and Hitchens told Hari, “The United States was attacked by theocratic fascists who represent all the most reactionary elements on earth. ... However bad the American Empire has been, it is not as bad as this.” Hitchens also wrote—in the same column in which he extolled the priest-killing potency of the French and Russian Revolutions—that “George Bush may subjectively be a Christian, but he—and the US armed forces—have objectively done more for secularism than the whole of the Ameri-

cal fantasies. None of the Founders wanted to use American power to bring about world revolution, nor did they believe in wasting American blood and treasure in grandiose ideological crusades. Neither did Ronald Reagan. While effusive in his praise for the neocons, Hitchens told Hari that he would never join “the Buchanan-Reagan right.”

For their part, the neocons have warmly embraced Hitchens. His writing is welcomed at *The Weekly Standard*, which also gave a glowing review to his latest book, and at FrontPageMag.com, which has given him three sycophantic interviews and describes him as “one of the most prominent political and cultural essayists of our time.” Regulars at National Review Online praise and link to Hitchens’s work, and David Frum has boasted there of his friendship with Hitchens. Recently, Hitchens was even allowed to post in NRO’s Corner to respond to Ramesh Ponnuru’s flaccid criticism of his Catholic-bashing piece on Judge Roberts. (Ponnuru agreed that he found Hitchens’s outbursts on the pope “bracing,” but he drew the line when Hitchens used his anti-Catholicism against the Bush administration.)

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Realists, Not Leftists

The reborn antiwar movement transcends ideology.

By Justin Raimondo

“THEY’RE NOT ANTIWAR—they’re just on the other side.” How many times have we heard this smear from the likes of blogger Glenn Reynolds and neocon hysteric David Horowitz? The problem with this rhetorical tack is that it is a page torn out of the playbook of the past. It fails to recognize that 9/11 did indeed change everything or at least accelerated a transformation already in the making—including in the arguments and constituency of the anti-interventionist movement in America.

The first mass organized antiwar movement in the U.S. was the Anti-Imperialist League, founded in 1898 by a group of New England intellectuals and Boston brahmins: the list of the League’s leaders, according to one historian, “reads like a combination of the *Social Register* and *Who’s Who in America*.” While the arguments advanced by league publicists usually revolved around the corrupting influence of empire-building and the danger posed to republican institutions, the Philippine rebels—led by the charismatic Emilio Aguinaldo—were valorized as heroic figures whose cause was just. Mark Twain compared Aguinaldo to George Washington and Joan of Arc. The narrative of a noble and selfless leader who dedicated himself wholly to the welfare of his people was avidly pushed by the league, and elaborated on by Twain with his characteristic passion, even when the facts—such as the payment Aguinaldo accepted from the U.S. to go into exile, or his murder of a rival rebel leader—painted another, more ambiguous portrait.

World War I saw the antiwar movement arise from two sectors: German immigrants and socialist groupings, whose antiwar views were derived from abstract ideological considerations. Also included in this group were liberal intellectuals, such as Randolph Bourne, whose aphorism “war is the health of the state” has been a warning and an inspiration ever since. Bourne echoed the critique of the league, which had condemned imperialism as self-corrupting, yet unlike those earlier activists, there was little sympathy for the enemy and little love for the Kaiser outside of the German immigrant community. On the other hand, it was certainly true that leftist opponents of the war were not rooting for the Allies, either. They posited, instead, another side entirely, the side of the international working class.

World War II witnessed the upsurge of the largest antiwar movement in our history: the America First Committee, with over 800,000 dues-paying members and chapters in every state. In spite of a Communist-led smear campaign, America Firsters harbored no sympathy for the aims and ideologies of the Axis powers. Rather, their opposition to entering the war was anchored in the suspicion that “we would win the battle against national socialism in the trenches and lose it on the home front,” as novelist Rose Wilder Lane put it. Roosevelt, many if not most conservatives believed, was intent on making himself a dictator, and the court-packing scheme, the National Recovery Administration, and the pronouncements of his more radical hench-

men did nothing to disabuse them of this notion. Just as important in framing their antiwar stance was their anti-Communism: when Hitler turned on his ally Stalin and invaded the Soviet Union, American Communists were desperate to get us into the war in order to save the “workers’ fatherland.” American conservatives, such as newspaper magnate Robert R. McCormick, stiffened their antiwar stance: “Our war birds may try to welcome [the invasion] as reason for getting into war. To other Americans,” he wrote, “to the majority of them, it presents the final reason for remaining out.”

This preoccupation with the unintended consequences of intervention—“Having helped [Stalin] win,” McCormick presciently inquired, “should we then have to rescue the continent from him?”—was the theme of “isolationist” opposition to the Korean War. Would we allow ourselves to be sucked into an unwinnable war on the Asian landmass? And while not even FDR dared send troops into battle without congressional approval, Truman did so with hardly a protest, setting a precedent that all of us are paying for today, in spades.

In Vietnam, it was another case of choosing sides, and again it was a Left-Right issue. “Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is gonna win!” was a popular chant at antiwar demonstrations during the 1960s, and a small but very visible contingent invariably carried Viet Cong flags. Opponents of the war valorized the NLF and its leader just as the Anti-Imperialists of the 1890s turned Aguinaldo into an icon. The Communist Party, USA and

the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party played key roles in organizing the movement, along with the various Marxist factions of Students for a Democratic Society, and sympathy for the ideology of the enemy clearly predominated over the more thoughtful “self-corruption” arguments advanced by anti-imperialists of yore. Only the libertarians grouped around economist-philosopher Murray N. Rothbard and his journal *Left & Right* remembered the remonstrations of the Old Right warning that “we have crossed the boundary that lies between Republic and Empire.”

The implosion of Communism and the rise of “humanitarian interventionism” on the Clintonian model forever changed the character of subsequent antiwar movements, finally resolving the tension between foreign-policy realism and the valorization of the other side. There were very few people who glorified Slobodan Milosevic, a thuggish dullard without core convictions or even superficial charm. Opposition to the Kosovo War was instead centered entirely around a realist analysis that a war against the Yugoslav people was not in our interests and a suspicion that Clinton’s crusade was the beginning of a policy of “humanitarian” imperialism.

This ostensibly realist stance, however, took on a decidedly partisan cast in the post-Cold War era. When George Bush went to war against Iraq to establish a New World Order, many conservatives dissented on grounds of principled opposition to Wilsonianism, but Democrats protested largely because this was “Bush’s war.” A few years later, when Clinton bombed Baghdad, hardly a peep was raised in these quarters. By the time he struck at Belgrade, a Democratic secretary of state was proclaiming the hegemony of America—“the indispensable nation”—and complaining to Colin Powell, when he balked at sending troops to the Balkans: “What’s the point

of having this superb military you’re always talking about if we can’t use it?”

In the post-9/11 world, the realism of the antiwar camp was accentuated to the exclusion of all other factors. There is no one, short of a few isolated figures, who considers bin Laden to be another Aguinaldo nor, in spite of the War Party’s propaganda, is anybody rooting for him. The critique of the Iraq War proffered by most critics is realism narrowly conceived: the invasion and conquest of Iraq is seen as the greatest boon bin Laden could have wished for, so much so that Michael Scheuer, former chief of the CIA’s bin Laden unit, now characterizes the U.S. as al-Qaeda’s “indispensable ally.”

What is striking about the rising tide against the war in Iraq is its broadness and its disdain for ideological labels. While there is a certain partisan edge to war critics’ polemics, Republicans Walter B. Jones and Chuck Hagel are not alone on the Right in their rejection of the neo-conservatives’ delusions. As the war gains unpopularity, this new movement threatens to upend the political landscape and effect the kind of sea-change that only occurs once every few generations.

While previous demonstrations against the Iraq War have been largely put together by a group known as “International ANSWER,” dominated by the Workers World Party, a neo-Trotskyist sect, ANSWER has been in disarray of late on account of a split between their West and East Coast cadres.

United for Peace has taken center stage with a strategy of outreach to independent and non-leftist elements who are also inclined to oppose the war. While ANSWER typically attaches an entire laundry list of leftist causes to its antiwar activities—raising slogans such as “Money for Jobs, Not for War” and “Free Mumia Abu Jamal”—United for Peace has abjured such sectarian tactics and taken a consciously broader approach to antiwar organizing. When

United for Peace issued its call for a September action, International ANSWER called a demonstration for the same day, and, in explaining their initial decision not to merge the two actions, a United for Peace statement explained:

If we organize in an inclusive way, with broad demands, accessible language, and an inviting style, we have the potential to organize the largest and most diverse demonstration against the war to date, with people from all walks of life coming together in a clear call to bring our troops home now. If we are willing to go outside our comfort zones and speak to people our movements don’t typically reach, we have the potential to mobilize large numbers of people from outside the usual activist circles . . .

This is light-years from the leftist verbiage that we are used to from antiwar circles, and in spite of the pressure from the antiwar rank-and-file that effected a merger of the ANSWER efforts with the United for Peace event, this clear-headed strategy is increasingly predominant.

Opponents of this war see their chance to end it and are increasingly focused on the legislative arena. A bipartisan Out of Iraq Caucus has formed, and House Democrats, led by Reps. Lynn Woolsey and Maxine Waters of California, are in open rebellion against pro-war Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi, who did everything she could to quash Woolsey’s resolution calling for U.S. withdrawal from Iraq that nevertheless managed to garner 128 co-sponsors.

The bitter irony of the neocon Right’s charge that the war’s opponents are engaging in a “stab in the back” directed at our soldiers in Iraq is underscored by the movement’s military focus. Such groups as Military Families Speak Out and Iraq Veterans Against the War are among the brightest stars in the antiwar

firmament. They glow the fiercest, perhaps because their passion is personal rather than merely ideological.

That's why Cindy Sheehan's protest galvanized antiwar sentiment and proved to be such a resonant symbol of American antipathy to empire. One has only to recall that much of the early opposition to George W. Bush's excellent adventure came from top military leaders, both active and retired, to understand why one major source of the antiwar opposition springs directly from the military and their families.

Linda Waste's voice quavered as she told the crowd on the steps of the Alabama state capitol about her three sons and two grandchildren currently serving in Iraq. She and her husband, Philip, were part of the antiwar caravan that rose into town with the "Bring Them Home Tour," a mobile antiwar rally initiated by Cindy Sheehan in cooperation with MFSO and other groups, which is winding its way to Washington, D.C. For 58 months, says Waste, her children and grandchildren have served their country in Iraq: "We have given enough," Waste said. "We keep hearing about the 'noble sacrifice.' There is nothing noble about this unjust war."

In the beginning, it was "treason" to oppose the war, and war opponents were derided as anti-patriots: today an increasing number of military families see it as their patriotic duty to speak out against a conflict that doesn't serve American interests and never did. The antiwar movement of the new millennium isn't leftist, it isn't rightist—it is simply the voice of reason and realism. Americans from all points on the political spectrum, including ordinary citizens with no ideological axe to grind, are wondering what we're fighting for in Iraq and where the War Party is headed next. ■

Justin Raimondo is editorial director of Antiwar.com.

U.S. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice and U.S. General John Abizaid have been pressing Afghan President Hamid Karzai to stop criticism of Pakistan

for its failure to eliminate Taliban and al-Qaeda safe havens in the Pash-tun tribal areas. Both Abizaid and Rice have told Karzai that the militants are actually based inside Afghanistan, something that both they and Karzai know to be untrue. This American pressure on Karzai is apparently a *quid pro quo* to sustain a secret agreement the Pentagon has with President Pervez Musharraf to train former members of the MEK Iranian opposition at Pakistani intelligence-service-run camps in Baluchistan, which borders Iran. The Pentagon intends to use the MEK members to launch attacks inside Iran in spite of the fact that the MEK is listed by the State Department as a terrorist group. In order to circumvent that issue, the MEK members have been asked to renounce allegiance to the group. The Afghans, who know nothing about the Baluchistan camps, are confused because U.S. government officials had previously told them that the senior leadership of al-Qaeda is in Pakistan's province of Waziristan. They wonder why Rice and Abizaid are willing to distort reality to help Musharraf. The White House believes that Musharraf is doing the best he can and fears the growing strength of his political opposition. His recent agreement to open the door to recognition of Israel has both enraged and energized his fundamentalist opponents. It has also disturbed his supporters in the military. If pressure from the Afghans were to force Musharraf to send his army into the tribal areas again, civil war could easily ensue.



Senior State Department officials working at embassies overseas are becoming increasingly demoralized over restrictions being placed on their public utterances.

In the past, America's overseas representatives were generally trusted to explain American policy reliably to a foreign audience. They were relatively free to appear on television or radio or to make speeches and answer questions. This is no longer the case. Diplomats are now being managed through guidelines generated by Undersecretary of State Karen Hughes's Office for Public Diplomacy to ensure that all representatives overseas are "on message." This would not be so bad if the message were credible, but the guidelines are increasingly a defense of the White House rather than an explanation of policy. One diplomat noted sourly that recent guidance made it clear that the only subjects that could be safely talked about are the "democracy agenda" and the War on Terror. Problems, as in Iraq, or failures by the federal government, as with hurricane Katrina, are not to be discussed. Hughes has made it clear that ambassadors will be disciplined if there is any deviation from her instructions. Some diplomats have complained privately that they are increasingly selling snake oil to an audience that believes little or nothing coming out of Washington. Hughes, nominated in March, took nearly six months to arrive in Washington and assume her position, which had been described as critical to the War on Terror.

Philip Giraldi, a former CIA Officer, is a partner in Cannistraro Associates.

Arts & Letters

FILM

[Capote]

Breakfast on Death Row

By Steve Sailer

PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN, the pallid, pudgy, and titanic character actor best known for playing rock critic Lester Bangs in “Almost Famous,” confirms his stature as the American Alec Guinness in “Capote,” a biopic recounting the six years Truman Capote devoted to his pathbreaking 1966 “nonfiction novel” *In Cold Blood*, the progenitor of the true-crime genre.

I’d always pictured Hoffman as a bear of a man—he’s long been the fan favorite to play the mountainous Ignatius J. Reilly in the great New Orleans comic novel *A Confederacy of Dunces*, which has languished in Hollywood’s Development Hell for a quarter of a century—but in “Capote” he almost disappears into a very different son of the Crescent City, the tiny, epicene café-society raconteur with the childish and effeminate voice.

“Capote,” which opens Sept. 30 in New York and Los Angeles, exists mostly to showcase Hoffman’s performance. To give you time to absorb the actor’s every nuance, the pace is kept sluggish. Still, “Capote” is rewarding, even though the film’s criticism of the author is tendentious.

By 1959, Capote had written a popular novella, “Breakfast at Tiffany’s,” and

had charmed his way into the Jet Set. Yet he was unsatisfied.

Capote is strikingly prefigured in the character Ambrose Silk in Evelyn Waugh’s underrated 1942 novel *Put Out More Flags*. Silk is one of Waugh’s most sympathetic creations, a flamingly effete novelist whose default career path would have “led gently downhill to the world of fashionable photographers [and] stage sets,” an unkind reference to what Waugh viewed as the squandering of the talents of Cecil Beaton, whom he lampooned as David Lennox in *Decline and Fall*.

Indeed, in the 1950s, while designing the sets and costumes for the Broadway debut of “My Fair Lady,” Beaton mentored Capote in snobbish frivolity. Yet just as Waugh’s Silk had “turned aside from the primrose path; had deliberately chosen the austere and the heroic,” Capote set aside his metropolitan amusements for a half decade to pursue an original form of literary art. He had decided that the future of literature lay in nonfiction, that journalism could be raised above quotidian hackwork, and that he was the man to do it, even if he had to cultivate strengths none of his friends suspected he had.

So when Capote read of the murder of a respected family of four in a remote Kansas hamlet, he audaciously proposed to *The New Yorker* that he cover the case in depth. It’s hard to imagine a less congenial subject or setting for Capote. When he first arrived, he had a hard time persuading the rural locals to talk to him. But this silly-seeming man with the adamant ambition ultimately won their affection and co-operation.

“Capote” centers around the writer’s humid relationship with the two convicted killers during the half decade they

repeatedly appealed their death sentences to the U.S. Supreme Court. During his prison visits, Capote became infatuated with one of the murderers, Perry Miller, who reminded him of himself: sensitive, artistic, prissy, and ravenous for admiration. (In a sinister example of life imitating art, Miller was played in the 1967 movie version of “In Cold Blood” by actor Robert Blake, who was recently acquitted in his wife’s murder.)

Capote helped the pair get a good lawyer to craft their first appeal. But after he’d completed most of his manuscript and realized how strong it was, his need for a dramatic ending (such as, say, their hangings) made him increasingly impatient with their endless appeals.

Screenwriter Dan Futterman attacks Capote for being a heartless monster who manipulated poor Miller into telling him his secrets even though Capote eventually hoped for his execution.

In reality, of course, the true monsters were the murderers, who had decided days before their home invasion to shoot the whole family to eliminate all witnesses. With his conventional liberal bias against capital punishment, Futterman doesn’t realize that without the death penalty, repeat offenders, who face long prison terms if caught again, would more often find it logical to kill their robbery victims to keep their identities secret.

The stress of writing *In Cold Blood* led Capote to drink, which, combined with his subsequent celebrity, set off his sad decline. Still, he had helped launch the New Journalism of Tom Wolfe and Hunter S. Thompson, the most fertile innovation in American literature since World War II. ■

Rated R for some violent images and brief strong language.

BOOKS

[*The Worlds of Herman Kahn: The Intuitive Science of Thermonuclear War*, Sharon Ghamari-Tabrizi, Harvard University Press, 432 pages]

Clown Prince of Nuclear War

By James P. Pinkerton

AFTER HIROSHIMA, the conclusion of American strategists was that military history didn't matter much anymore. The atomic bomb seemed to have changed war so drastically that now, more than ever, fighting was too important to be left to generals.

Out of that new belief came Robert McNamara's "Whiz Kids," the systems-analyzing technocrats who gave us the Vietnam War. Decades later, that same generalized feeling—that in the face of the new, history was bunk and anything was possible—gave rise to George W. Bush's neoconservatives, the WMD-mongering apparatchiks who launched the Iraq War.

But before the prominence of either of these groups there was Herman Kahn, the subject of this new book by Sharon Ghamari-Tabrizi. As she makes clear, Kahn's radical way of thinking blazed a dubious trail for others to follow—for all those practitioners of the abstracted and deracinated theorizing that guided and misguided the U.S. into Vietnam and Iraq.

A household name in the '60s, Kahn authored two best-selling books, *On Thermonuclear War* and *Thinking About the Unthinkable*. And for all the heaviness of his subject matter—and himself, too, weighing nearly 300 pounds—Kahn was intellectually nimble, even glib; one critic was charmed by his "curiously chatty ... digressing ... jazzy style."

Yet for most of his career, the big man was the subject of merciless criticism

and satire. While the character of Dr. Strangelove owes little to him—that wheelchair-bound atom-maniac, in his Teutonic tics, owes more to Henry Kissinger or Wernher Von Braun—the strategist's idea of a "doomsday machine" was at the black-humor heart of Stanley Kubrick's 1964 movie.

But when it came to bleak comedy, Kahn was in on the joke. In discussing mutations that might come from nuclear war, he asked, "It is possible, isn't it, that parents will learn to love two-headed children twice as much?" As the *Village Voice* observed, "He would make such a great stand-up comic. Who else can make people laugh about mass annihilation?"

Such was Kahn's genius that people across the political spectrum found much to admire in his work, which mostly explored how America might fight, win, and survive a nuclear war. Militarists and right-wingers of the Curtis LeMay/Buck Turgidson school were on board with any idea that aided and comforted their vision of a triumphant first strike. And yet Kahn's concentration on civil defense appealed to many liberals, too; Hubert Humphrey so admired *On Thermonuclear War* that he entered an abridged version of it into the Congressional Record, declaring it "an honor" to do so, since the work "embodies the intellectual honesty and rigor so much needed in discussing the problems of our survival." From further over on the Left, the veteran socialist Norman Thomas added his own backhanded praise: "Kahn deserves ... attention from those of us who believe that universal disarmament down to a police level under a strengthened UN is our sole valid hope of a decent existence."

For decades after 1945, Americans were bewitched, even bamboozled, by the "brave nuclear world" argument. The glare of atomic fire cast sharp shadows across the old landscape; the old military virtues of bravery and strategy on the conventional battlefield seemed like mere black holes of nostalgia and sentimentality. Upon learning of Hiroshima, the young military analyst Bernard Brodie cried out, "Everything that I have

written is obsolete"—although in fact, Brodie was just at the beginning of a long career as a strategic thinker, producing books with titles such as *Escalation and the Nuclear Option*.

"Escalation," in fact, was a usage popularized by Kahn, who became a master of nuclear newspeak. As Ghamari-Tabrizi notes, the advent of atomic weapons brought about a shift as to who could speak with authority on the subject of warfare. She writes, "When officers objected that Kahn was ill-equipped to speak on military affairs, he'd shoot back, 'How many thermonuclear wars have *you* fought recently?'" Indeed, Kahn dripped with disdain for the old-thinking military: he would call senior officers "stupid" to their faces, even as he offered them the chance to prove that they were smart—by signing on to his new worldview.

In the words of a visiting British Member of Parliament, "One of the strangest features of American life in the 1950s—which no doubt will continue throughout the 1960s—is that many of the experts who lead the discussion on the nature of war have no experience in it or training for it." Or, as Kahn—who served an uneventful noncombatant hitch in the U.S. Army during World War II—liked to say, "In this field, everybody is a theorist." So if there were few flights of fancy among the men who had stormed the beaches of Anzio or Tarawa earlier in their careers, Kahn stood ready to fill the void; he sported the right egghead credentials, and yet his great strength was as a horror-story teller, using nuclear grotesquerie instead of ghosts and goblins. Ghamari-Tabrizi rightly connects him to such savants of the horrifically surreal as Hieronymus Bosch and William Gaines, the publisher of the grisly EC Comics line.

Born into a left-wing family in Bayonne, New Jersey in 1922, young Kahn moved west after his parents' divorce, earning a B.S. in physics from UCLA and doing graduate work at Cal Tech. But his lefty associations—he joined Americans for Democratic Action and the American Civil Liberties Union and attended

at least a few Communist-front conclaves—and those of his wife's family led to the yanking of his security clearance in 1953. So he turned to other work inside the military-industrial complex, first at the RAND Corporation, then at the Hudson Institute, which he co-founded in 1961.

Of course, Kahn was not alone in his role as Bard of the Bomb. He was not responsible, for instance, for one of the tallest tales of the age, the so-called "missile gap." Yet Kahn was eager to play along with the missile-gap story line as a springboard for his own martial musings. He dwelled on what he called "interesting" scenarios about nuclear war and its aftermath, with little regard for anything rooted in reality or practicality; he speculated, for example, about the nuclear peril posed by "Soviet juvenile delinquent Eskimos."

Kahn's signature issue, however, was civil defense. In lectures that lasted as long as three days, the strategy-spieler

metaphysics of Kahn to those of another military thinker: Donald Rumsfeld. In June 2002, the secretary of defense essayed aloud about the terror threat: "There are things we know that we know. There are known unknowns. That is to say, there are things that we now know we don't know. But there are also unknown unknowns." Completing his logical loop, Rumsfeld added, "The absence of evidence is not evidence of absence." As Ghamari-Tabrizi comments, Rumsfeld's "shorthand spree through the core concepts of risk assessment—his unknown unknowns, his absence of evidence and evidence of absence—borrows liberally from strategic futurology." Which is to say, pure Kahn.

While Kahn, who died in 1983, can't be blamed for the misprisions of evidence that occurred after his death, his legacy should be judged according to the future mayhem caused by loose use of his methodology. The loosest users have been the neoconservatives, who

and the neo-Kahns have always been on the Left in so many ways, how did they manage to endure themselves to so much of the Right? The answer can be summed up in one word: toughness. Most conservatives pride themselves on being tough, and they are most proud of toughness when it comes to military matters. Here, Kahn held some high ground of his own. He had served honorably, albeit quietly, in the military, and he lost a brother in combat during World War II. So he could walk at least some of the walk.

But mostly he could talk and talk and talk, weaving webs of words around the heads of audiences, wrapping them in a shared vision of hardnosedness and heroism in the unnamed and unknown battles to come. As he often declared, "It takes an iron will ... to distinguish among the possible degrees of awfulness."

Yet at the same time, his reveling in "awfulness," as one contemporary critic noted, held "a certain magnetism" for audiences. That's the problem with invocations of willpower and the will to power: glorious poetry can often succeed in seducing otherwise sober audiences into acts of militaristic madness.

And while Kahn could joke about his war-vision—"We're proud to say that we stand halfway between chutzpah and megalomania"—other more recent exponents of the Kahnian method aren't kidding around. In our time, the dominant clique of defense intellectuals has displayed no humor at all as they have grimly used rhetorical howitzers to blast their enemies—on the Right as well as the Left. And it worked for a while, as civilians possessed of self-declared iron will and moral clarity demolished their opponents in the partisan arena. But of course, political pulverization on the homefront has done nothing to prevent politico-military stalemate on the warfront.

Which leads us to the final irony of the Kahn-neocon vision: for 60 years now, military geniuses have believed that nuclear weapons have made conventional warfare obsolete. But for those same 60 years, the U.S. has fought noth-

JUST AS THE NEOCONSERVATIVES ARE NOT TRULY CONSERVATIVE, NEITHER WAS KAHN. ALL THROUGH HIS CAREER, HE FLAUNTED HIS LEFT-WING CONNECTIONS.

argued for radiation-safe food supplies and fallout-proof factories. He even suggested the encouragement of mining under urban areas, so as to guarantee a large number of readily available mine-shafts in which urbanites could seek nuclear shelter. But through all his scenario-spinning, he maintained a light touch; he joked that the "Cheap Starter Set" for civil defense could be had for \$200 million, while the "Luxurious" program would cost \$20 billion.

For all his prominence, Kahn never came close to the real levers of power. It is other "defense intellectuals," following in the Kahn tradition, who have since seized measures of control. One such power-moment for them was Vietnam, where the failures and falsities of the Whiz Kids have been much chronicled and compiled.

Another moment is Iraq. And here the author briefly and deftly connects the

gained the sort of hands-on power over the U.S. war machine of which Kahn could only have dreamed.

And just as the neoconservatives are not truly conservative, neither was Kahn. All through his career, he flaunted his left-wing, countercultural connections; he tried LSD, eagerly sat down for interviews with every journalist or film-documentarian, no matter how far to portside, and declared at the height of the Vietnam War, "I like the hippies." At the same time, he was hostile to political conservatives, jibing, "I wouldn't want to have dinner with them and I wouldn't want my daughter to marry one."

The same anti-conservative worldview holds true among the "neo-Kahns" today. They have little interest in preserving and securing the physical, moral, or cultural integrity of America because their eyes are on the bigger prize of remaking the world. But if Kahn

ing but conventional wars. Those generals and others who maintained that history still mattered have been proven right; nothing about Hiroshima obviated the need to know the “ground truths” of Vietnam or Somalia or Haiti—or Iraq. Failure to study the lessons of history still leads to failure, nukes or no nukes.

For her part, Ghamari-Tabrizi approaches Kahn from the dovish Left. Although she seems to like him as a human being—noting his openness to new ideas, even referring to him as “merry”—she nonetheless dwells on the “*Schadenfreude*” as well as “brutality” of Kahn’s oeuvre. Indeed, from a straight peacenik point of view, it should be easy to dislike Kahn because he was, after all, a willing pawn of the military-industrial complex. But for conservatives, the challenge of evaluating Kahn is trickier. For those on the Right, force is recognized as necessary—not to be celebrated as a virtue but most definitely to be used as a tool when needed. In that sense, the Kahnian approach has a place. Somebody has to think about the unthinkable.

If the U.S. is going to defend itself, it must have defenders, including defender-intellectuals. The challenge for the rest of us is to recognize the difference between the sometimes eccentric thinking behind legitimate war-gaming—and the sinister calculating that has lately preceded illegitimate war-touting.

So, sadly, Sharon Ghamari-Tabrizi’s book, which offers significant insight into Kahn, is more than just a chronicle of the past. It is an account, too, of the present, in which many of Kahn’s self-anointed successors are still riding high. And it might also be a guide to an increasingly dangerous future, in which Kahn’s memory is trampled under the thudding hooves of Four Apocalyptic Horsemen. ■

James P. Pinkerton is a columnist for Newsday and a fellow at the New America Foundation in Washington, D.C. He served in the White House under Presidents Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush.

[*The Strange Death of Marxism*, Paul Gottfried, University of Missouri Press, 154 pages]

Dead But Not Gone

By William S. Lind

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS that the worst characteristic of an otherwise valuable book is its title. Such is the case with Paul Gottfried’s latest work, *The Strange Death of Marxism*. Instead of Marxism’s obituary, what Gottfried has actually written is the story of its transmutation into—well, into exactly what remains in dispute. Whatever it might best be called, it is clearly the basis for the political correctness and multiculturalism that have become the state ideology in most of Europe and the United States.

Along the way, Gottfried does chronicle the death of classical, economic Marxism-Leninism both in and beyond European Communist Parties. There are no surprises here; postwar revelations of Stalinist horrors coupled with a rising prosperity that enabled European workers to join the middle class undermined the powerful French and Italian Communist Parties of the 1950s, along with those in most other countries. Maoist and Castroite attempts to internationalize the workers’ revolution by translating it into Third World liberation kept Marxism-Leninism on life support for a while, but it was already brain dead. By the time the Soviet Union fell in 1989, classical Marxism had long since been stuffed and mounted, like Lenin. Not even the Chinese Communist Party takes it seriously anymore.

Were that the main substance of Gottfried’s book, it would amount to little more than the usual ho-hum academic work. In fact, it is very much more. What Gottfried really presents is the history of Marxism’s bastard offspring, political correctness, and the institution most responsible for its birth, the Frankfurt School. In so doing, *The Strange Death*

of Marxism joins Lorenz Jäger’s superb new biography of Theodor Adorno in making the intellectual history of the most radical of anti-Western ideologies accessible to a nonacademic audience.

Gottfried traces the rise of PC and multiculturalism through Antonio Gramsci, Georg Lukacs, the Frankfurt School, and others, showing how Marx’s economic determinism evolved into an obsession with the unholy trinity of “racism, sexism, and homophobia,” which now demands endless sacrifices. The first way station was what Gottfried calls “neomarxism”:

Neomarxists called themselves Marxists without accepting all of Marx’s historical and economic theories but while upholding socialism against capitalism, as a moral position Thereafter socialists would build their conceptual fabrics on Marx’s notion of “alienation,” extracted from his writings of the 1840s [they] could therefore dispense with a strictly materialist analysis and shift ... focus toward religion, morality, and aesthetics.

What happened next is a matter of dispute, more over terminology than anything else. As Marxism became PC and multiculturalism, did it turn into cultural, as distinguished from economic, Marxism, or did it, as Gottfried contends, move so far beyond Marx as to constitute post-Marxism? Gottfried writes,

Is the critical observation about the Frankfurt School therefore correct, that it exemplifies ‘cultural Bolshevism,’ which pushes Marxist-Leninist revolution under a sociological-Freudian label? To the extent its practitioners and despisers would both answer to this characterization, it may in fact be valid ... but if Marxism under the Frankfurt School has undergone [these] alterations, then there may be little Marxism left in it. The appeal of the Critical Theorists to Marx has become increasingly ritualistic and what there is in the theory of Marxist sources is now

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intermingled with identifiably non-Marxist ones In a nutshell, they had moved beyond Marxism ... into a militantly antibourgeois stance that operates independently of Marxist economic assumptions.

Here Gottfried is both right and wrong. He is correct that the cultural Marxism we know as political correctness has left Marxism-Leninism and orthodox Marxist economics behind. It did so early; by the late 1910s, Gramsci and Lukacs perceived that culture was not merely "superstructure" but a separate and important variable, and in 1930 Max Horkheimer, the Frankfurt School's new director, said that the working class would not be the basis of a revolution.

But Gottfried writes, "In defense of this project as a Marxist one, it might be said that its practitioners regarded themselves as revolutionary disciples of Marx and took pains to place their work into a Marxist framework." Perhaps we should simply take them at their word.

While much has been written about the Frankfurt School's move from Germany to the United States after Hitler came to power and its subsequent influence here, Gottfried breaks some new ground in his look at the boomerang effect. How is it that Jürgen Habermas, Horkheimer's and Adorno's successor at the Frankfurt School, has good things to say about America? As Gottfried writes,

Immigration reform for the benefit of Third World populations, followed by laws aimed at curbing discrimination against racial minorities and recognition of feminist and gay rights, began in the United States about ten to fifteen years earlier than in Western Europe.

Far from being a bastion of church-going cultural conservatism, the United States has become the world leader of the culturally Marxist revolution, to the point of attempting to impose secular democracy and women's rights on the Islamic world by force of arms. Gottfried rightly traces European cultural Marxism back to the American-designed

re-education of the Germans after World War II, of which Habermas proudly proclaims himself an heir. If some European countries have now gone farther than the U.S. in making cultural Marxism the state ideology—any dissent from which risks a term in prison—America had much to do with injecting the poison into the European body politic. This time it was Horkheimer and Adorno who arrived on the sealed train.

In his last chapter, Gottfried argues that the "soft despotism" of cultural Marxism, the spirit of Huxley's *Brave New World*, is a political religion. That is a fair description of ideology in general; all ideologies are anti-Christ, false Christianity promising heaven on earth through man's own efforts. Despite labeling cultural Marxism "post-Marxism," Gottfried acknowledges that "the appeal of a Communist god remains a critical point of reference for explaining the current European parliamentary left." The transmuted effect of this god is that

Those who are secure in their pure intentions also understand the pervasive evil of their Euro-American or German identity. It is something that must be devalued and eventually removed from human relations, in the transition to a global society that will 'enrich' the Western world by replacing it.

Nor is this goal confined to the European Left:

Prominent American neoconservative journalist and author Stephen Schwartz has argued in the *National Review* that those who are fighting for global democracy should view Leon Trotsky as a worthy forerunner.

In the end, Gottfried ends up proving the opposite of the thesis in his book's title. Uncle Karl may be buried, but he's far from dead. ■

William S. Lind is director of the Center for Cultural Conservatism at the Free Congress Foundation in Washington, D.C.

Three Wise Men



Three great men died recently, all three in their beds, thank God. The first was Admiral James Stockdale, Medal of Honor winner and one of

America's finest men and warriors. The lack of hyperbole in his obituaries surprised me—although there could have been no exaggeration no matter what one wrote about this great man.

I never had the honor of meeting him, but Thomas Fleming did and wrote beautifully about him in the September issue of *Chronicles*. "In a better age, this great warrior and patriot would be mourned publicly by the nation. In this age, he did not merit even a reference on the Drudge Report." How typical. If Paris Hilton fell off a barstool and killed herself, it would be unfortunate, but worse, it would fill up the obituary pages of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, not to mention the Murdoch channels. James Stockdale served in a war he didn't believe in—he knew from the start it was a crock and that LBJ was a liar and a crook. "But ours is not to reason why..." and Stockdale lived up to military honor 10 times over. His coffin should have been mounted on a cannon and paraded through Washington, following a riderless horse. But that would have been embarrassing for such worthies as Bill Clinton, George W. Bush, and Dick Cheney. We have lost a wonderful American, but, hey, we'll always have Paris.

Maurice Cowling was the epitome of an English historian don. I had the good fortune to meet him over a dinner arranged by John O'Sullivan about 10 years ago, and he was a delight. Unlike the ladies and gentlemen of the press—and I use those words in the broadest sense—Cowling did not take himself seriously, only his work.

Cowling argued that liberals did not believe in freedom and choice but in priggery and intolerance. Hear, hear! His *bête noire* was John Stuart Mill, icon of those prigs, whose real aim, Cowling believed, was to use the state to force feed everyone the dictates of a secular morality. Mill's goal was to replace Christianity with secularism, a totalitarian conceit if there ever was one. And it gets better. According to the good don, politics was not about principles but was a game in which players were motivated purely by party and self-interest.

Needless to say, there were no voices raised by British politicians for him to be interred in Westminster Abbey. In *The Impact of Hitler*, Cowling suggested that Churchill and Eden wanted war for the sake of their careers. This was considered anathema in 1975, the year of publication, as was his provocative idea that Lord Halifax's disagreement with Chamberlain was motivated by the thought that appeasement would destroy the chances of the Tories to maintain their hold over the center. My favorite, of course, was Cowling's hounding of another great man, an absolute phony, the "historian" Hugh Trevor-Roper. He founded a Cambridge dining club, The Authenticators, nicknamed after Lord Dacre's authentication of the fake "Hitler's Diaries" in a Murdoch rag. ("I'd stake my reputation on it.")

Cowling wrote many volumes of history, attempting to set out a coherent Christian conservative response to the modern world. He poured scorn on adventurism in the Middle East and was

particularly scathing about the creation of Iraq by the Brits in 1921. He believed that teaching was a vocation, not an office job, and his death leaves a gap among pros as much as Admiral Stockdale's leaves among heroes.

And now for a close friend, Patrick Pakenham, a talented barrister and the son of the 7th Earl of Longford. A talented, highly intelligent and articulate man, he would drink like the Anglo-Irish gentleman he was, but then, instead of getting into a brawl, he would quote Shakespeare, Goethe, Keats, and Byron. During his legal career, Paddy—he had six brothers and sisters, among whom is Antonia Fraser, the historian and writer—became something of a legend on account of his exploits in front of pompous judges. During his appearance before an irascible and unpopular judge in a drugs case—no, not mine—the evidence of a bag of marijuana was produced. The judge, pretending to be an expert, asked for the bag. He opened it, put the grass in his mouth, chewed it, and announced, "Yes, this is definitely cannabis." Then he asked Paddy where the cannabis was found. "In the defendant's anus, my Lord," said Paddy.

Another good one was when Paddy, summing up for the defense in a fraud case, announced to the jury: "It is my duty to explain the facts of this case but the judge will guide you and advise you. Unfortunately, for reasons I can't go into, my grasp of the facts is not what it should be. The judge is nearing senility; his knowledge of the law is pathetically out of date and will be of no use in assisting you; while by the look of you, the possibility of you reaching a coherent verdict can be excluded." He was escorted from the court. I shall miss him terribly. ■

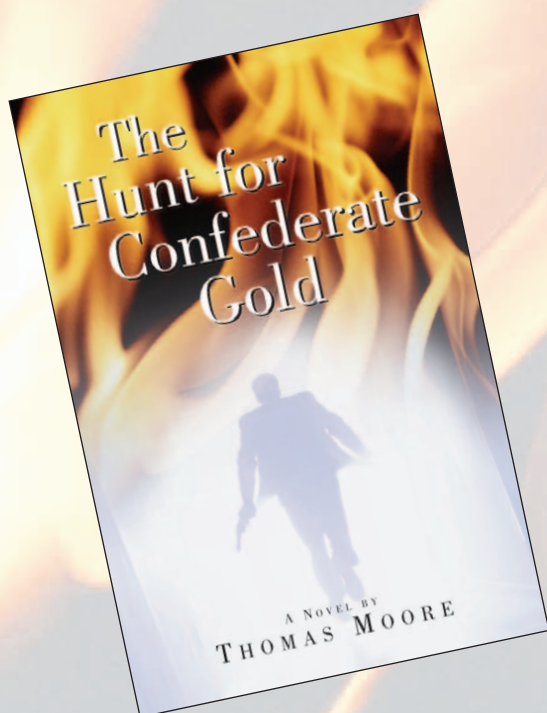


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